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MOTOR DAYS IN JAPAN

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Preface

IF a weather prophet is without honor in his own country, what fate think you awaits one prophesying for some one else's country? It is as difficult to characterize the climate of Japan as the characteristics of the people; Dame Weather being the same fickle wench there, as elsewhere in the world, and no more dependable. Cold statistics, however, and the farmer's almanac assert that there are "two best" seasons for travel: one during May and June; the other in October and November.

May certainly should be delightful. During properly conducted years the *Nyūbai* or rainy season comes in late June, lasting into July; officially for a period of twenty days, though officials err as do other mortals. Actual experience whispers showery to be a far better description than rainy; but officialdom insists upon rainy, so what can a poor scribe do? This *Nyūbai* always woos summer heat, and from the subsequent marriage of the two is born a damnable dampness which brings weariness to the flesh and hirsute adornment to one's clothes. Almost in a day is grown a crop of wavy mildew on everything not in use. Matches refuse to light, while one's temper is easily kindled.

July and August with high temperature lose the dampness; though the rain when it comes, comes in torrents, to the accompaniment of thunder and lightning. It is the season of the typhoon and the earthquake. Real Japan, however, throws off her tourist manners during these months and offers strange *matsuri*, or festivals, on both land and river; while picnicking in Japanese inns is likewise at its best, and of course these are the only months for climbing and mountain scenery.

September should never be allowed on the calendar. During that month the "rainy season" takes a fresh start and rains with renewed energy nearly every day. All things considered, it is the most unpleasant month of the year.

October and November, as though trying to compensate for September's shortcoming, offer clear, bright, beautiful days with a sharp bite to the air that turns the leaves to that glorious autumn coloring for which Japan is so famed. However, too much "tang" is not enjoyable in stoveless Japanese inns, though comfortable for those confining themselves to the big cities and so-called "foreign hotels"—and big cities and European hotels are not Japan.

"Oh hell! to choose by another's eyes."

Tourist motor-cars are entered free of duty, if declared as personal baggage; though a deposit must be made, returnable on departure. In these war-ridden times the cost of shipping is problematical. Ordinarily from San Francisco to Yokohama, it is something under one hundred dollars.

License taxes differ in different provinces as they differ with us by states. In Tokyo the taxes are, or were, for a car of ten horsepower, forty yen, with a surtax for the city of the same amount, making eighty yen, or forty dollars. For one of twenty horsepower it is eighty yen, surtax eighty; anything over twenty horsepower one hundred yen, surtax one hundred. To obtain a chauffeur's license, you must spend at least a morning, giving a ride to the local inspector, who in Yokohama proved to be, by trade, a boiler inspector, which apparently in the estimation of the Japanese thoroughly qualified him to pass upon automobiles.

A fine spirited club, the Nippon Automobile Club, organized some six years ago, with present headquarters at the Imperial Hotel, Tokyo, will relieve you of all such anxieties and formalities, showing you every courtesy in their power. They have excellent maps of the environs of

big cities, and for two years before the war broke out they published the *Jidosha*, a magazine comparing favorably with any automobile journal published anywhere. At the beginning of the war, the decrease in advertisements caused the *Jidosha* temporarily to suspend publication.

According to present license records there are some twelve hundred automobiles in Japan, though many of that number are in the repair shop or in garages, awaiting ceremonial occasions; for as yet the Japanese have not recognized the touring possibilities of automobiles. Apparently every known make in the world is represented by at least one example; the craving for western knowledge leading the Japanese to take up any untried novelty in preference to a known well-tried article. In the early days even to accepting Christianity because of its novelty; so, oftentimes the car and the owner fail to fit each other. On one occasion a luxuriously upholstered Rolls-Royce with every imaginable and extravagant fitting was seen to draw up beside the curb, the door opened and out came—not a daintily apparelled lady of fashion, or a well-groomed Englishman—but groping for the wet sidewalk, a pair of wooden *geta*, little stilts to keep the feet free from mud and mire. These were attached by a leather thong to a big bare toe; and the leg following after foot was bare to the thigh, as the kimono was held high to prevent tripping. A self-satisfied smirk wreathed the face of the owner. Was he not riding in the most expensive car in the world! And to a *Narakin*—a war millionaire, that is all-sufficient.

If subject to heart disease, there is grave question as to using your own car. Imagine at the entrance to some bridge letting your car do scout duty to prove whether it is safe to even walk across, or failing a bridge, confiding it to the tender care of a rowboat in charge of chattering natives, eager for excitement—so long as you provide the excitement.

Somebody else's car lends a feeling of entire detachment towards any possibility, and is soothing rather than irritating to one's heart action.

A dependable car can be hired, everything included, for seven hundred yen, or three hundred and fifty dollars a month, less in proportion for a longer period. Dependable native chauffeurs can be found if the time and trouble is taken. In Japan the growth of motoring was so sudden there was no time to produce enough trained chauffeurs to meet all demands and many call themselves experts so soon as they can tell a spark plug from an oil can and believe they know all the intricacies of a car when they can reach forty miles an hour, or stop within three feet of a baby carriage.

But unless you talk the language, you are sadly handicapped without a native chauffeur. Even your guide interpreter fails to "save the day," for not alone do they talk differently, but they think differently. On the road, in the garage, at the hotel, you are spared much—provided you have chosen wisely.

Foreword

EARLY in 1916 was held a family conclave of two. "The Lady" voted for a summer's motoring trip through Japan, and as the other member to the convention was by nature and training a pacifist, there was no discussion.

In due course, therefore, wind, weather and German submarines permitting, a landing was made on Dai Nippon's main island and in her capital city, Tokyo.

祝

Tokyo to Miyanoshita

April 20th.

IN the big city of Tokyo and in front of her biggest hotel, the mere rumor that three *beikoku* were about to start on an automobile trip, not alone around Honsho, but Kyushu, as well, was quite sufficient to draw a wondering crowd, large enough to prove, if proof were needed, that the unusual was happening.

The bright, warm sun bids a cheery *sayonara* as we start on our way; though a half gale of wind raises clouds of blinding dust, most uncomfortable to the newcomer, but accepted by the old resident as a matter of course. The dust clouds of Tokyo being as thick and frequent as the fogs of London.

Two million inhabitants, all living in one or two-story houses, means a city sprawling over an immense area, and one would expect the way out, as in most large cities, to seem interminable. "A city of magnificent distances, with the magnificence left out," is some one's description; but while lacking magnificence there is interest and charm of constant novelty which makes one quite forget both time and distance.

English is the *lingua franca* of the entire land, and an obligatory study in most schools of every town. Yet perhaps in no other city does one see such a display of English signs as here in Tokyo, where the uneducated, not to be outdone by more educated neighbors, placard their shops with near-English, to the joy of all Anglo-Saxons. The Japanese, so sensitive to laughter and ridicule, have within the last few months formed a society for the censoring of signs, and now

Beikoku = strangers.
Sayonara = good-bye.

are hard at work destroying one more of the "sights" so dear to the jaded tourist. In another year, probably, will be swept away all such picturesque announcements as these:

"Milk Squeezed by the Latest Veterinary Methods"
"Ladies can be Furnished in the Upstairs"
"Foreigners Washed and Dried Quickly"
"Hen's Meat Sold Downstairs—Bible Lessons Given Upstairs"
"Reliable Diligence Quickly to Get Ready"

Village after village is strung along the highway connecting Tokyo with Yokohama, so close together they seem to form one continuous, straggling town.

There are no sidewalks. The small cramped shops and houses are built flush with the street, and the street becomes the natural playground for children. On bright sunny days they appear in swarms, and one must steer very slowly in and out the playing groups. They, and not you, seem to have the prior right. Today's half-hurricane has blown many of them out of sight, but the ubiquitous bicycler is still with us, wabbling in every possible direction, performing acrobatic feats not seen in any other country. Unattended hand-carts block the street, and horse or ox-drawn wagons are always just in the middle of the highway where the loudest "honk" seldom disturbs them. Drivers rarely drive, but trudge along in front, walking each day the same distance as the four-footed beasts. Fagged out and half asleep they stumble on, oblivious of everything and everybody, except perhaps the blind man who taps his way through the most congested thoroughfare in perfect security. As with the children, the streets are the only asylum for the blind and the insane, and there they are safe.

Very soon we begin to solve the riddle-answer given our inquiry at Tokyo as to how long it takes to go to Yokohama.

A riddle, for the answer is a question: "Are you going rain or shine?" An unconscious plagiarism of Aesop's famous response to a similar query: "Are you coming or going?"

Today's lucky wind-storm alone makes it possible to cover the nineteen miles to Yokohama in one hour and a quarter. "Are you going rain or shine" becomes understandable; for in fair weather it would certainly mean two hours.

The Tokaido, known to all lovers of color prints through the work of Hiroshige and Hokusai, as its name implies, runs in an easterly direction from Kyoto, the old imperial capital, to Tokyo, where the Shoguns held court. The march of western civilization has destroyed practically every one of the Tokaido landmarks between Tokyo and Yokohama, and it is not until well beyond the latter city that you catch a glimpse of the old-time surroundings. And even there in strongly diluted form. Many of the century-old trees, planted the entire length of the highway to give shelter and shade to the great *daimyos* when on their way to do honor to the Mikado, were chopped down in the days immediately following the restoration, by those enthusiasts who gorged but did not digest western ideas, under the belief that telegraph poles were a badge of civilization.

The princely inns once found in every village have long since disappeared. Gone are the palaquins and the kagos, their former patrons, swallowed by the road of steel now paralleling the Tokaido. Gone are the picturesque crowds, and picturesque they must have been, if one is to believe Hiroshige. Twice a year every *daimyo* took this road in an obligatory journey to Tokyo to prove his loyalty and allegiance to the ruling Shogun. Accompanied by a horde of camp followers and by as large an armed force as private fortune permitted, each *daimyo* vied with the other

Daimyo = Princes.

in gorgeousness of equipment; each tried to out-rival the other in luxury. Jealous and insistent upon strict adherence to printed laws of precedent, the slightest infringement led to a bloody clash. Love of excitement, show and glitter, if not desire for travel, brought the common people in crowds to this same thoroughfare, resulting in a congestion usually seen only in the crowded streets of big cities.

As far as Miyanoshita there is no other road in all Japan so traveled by motor-car. Not because the road is good, for there are many better and much more interesting, but because the low-lander of Yokohama and Tokyo requires a change and finds it in the bracing air of Miyanoshita. Then the tourist books and the tourist agencies advertise this trip until every newcomer is forced to take it, and to them, in ignorance of Tokaido's former glory, nothing is lacking. Queer houses, quaint costumes, strange customs follow one another in quick succession. Paddy fields terraced one above the other, make a carpet of light, vivid green, for which the hillsides, pine-clad, form a rich, dark background. Peasant women in skin-tight trousers are hard at work in these slimy fields, their bright-colored costumes standing out in sharp contrast to the pale green of the rice plant. In the early summer the countryside is ablaze with blossoms of the cherry, peach and pear, while at times a subtropical flavor is given by many palmettos and bamboos.

Miyanoshita to Shizuoka

April 21st.

WITH the morning's coffee is brought the news of a bad washout in the road not far ahead. Yes, it was known last night, it happened a week ago; but it would have been so unfortunate to have worried the honorable guests. "People who worry die early." What matters a day or two of delay. Is there not a proverb "To-day will, one day, be a hundred years ago"? But worry being an American heritage, we call the hotel proprietor into immediate conference and enlist his influence with the road contractors who, as a class, are notoriously stubborn about permitting heavy vehicles to pass roads under repair; for in case of accident they are personally liable. They prefer damning to a fining.

Etiquette, "the real sovereign of Japan," has so fixed the laws of procedure that it is fairly simple to depict, as though on the spot, the interview between our messenger and the boss of the repair gang, a good mile away. It opens with a low bow and a sharp intaking of breath. The boss responds in kind. "How are your honorable ancestors?" More bows. "And your honorable grandmother?" More bows. "I who am not fit to look unblinded on you at the pinnacle of the ladder of success, dare to humbly crave for my master's honorable guests, who are coming in their honorable automobile, the right to pass this way." More bows.

Foll owing closely upon the heels of the messenger, we arrive at the scene of the wash-out, just about as the curtain rings down on this little comedy. There is not the slightest trouble. The contractor is all smiles and the planks bridging the break in the road are so well buttressed by

sturdy bamboo that they are strong enough to hold dozens of automobiles. Bamboo plays many parts in Japan, from water main to tobacco pipe. It builds the frames of houses and the blinds at the windows. From it are cut chop sticks to eat the boiled bamboo sprouts (the heads of spring shoots being cut off like asparagus). Umbrellas, hats, trunks, ladders and ladles are only five of a hundred bamboo products.

Here begins the broad military road, built in 1913 by army engineers as a short cut across the Nagao Pass some twenty-eight hundred feet high. So splendidly is it built and so gradual is the grade one is hardly conscious of mounting, were it not for the unfolding of one exquisite view after another, opening up the whole Hakone range where the Lake of Hakone nestling amid the peaks becomes reminiscent of Switzerland. At the summit all else is overshadowed by Fuji, which without snow, looks somewhat like Vesuvius seen from Naples. For many a day Fuji will sulk behind the clouds, wrapped in misty garments and then in a minute, as it were, stand out sharp and clear in all her unrivaled beauty.

"In Fuji's face,
'Tis passing strange,
Each day, each hour
The summer shower
Will work a change."

Not far beyond is the Fuji River, spanned by a shaky-looking suspension bridge, built from wood and telegraph wire, which cracks and bends ominously. At the entrance stands a keeper to whom we pay toll for the privilege of risking our life. This brings one into the most romantic region of romantic Japan the beginning of the Plain of a Thousand Pines—we didn't stop to count them. But we did stop at Ejiri, made famous by native poets as the setting

for the legend of Mionomatsubara which tells of a moonbeam descending from its lunar home in female form, wrapped in a fairy-mantle made from birds' wings. On reaching the sea she casts her mantle over a nearby pine and bathes in the inviting waters. A fisherman, spying this beautiful filmy garment, stole it and with the stealing robbed the moonbeam fairy of all her magic power, enabling him to take her in marriage. She is now worshipped as a moon goddess, and for the confusion of unbelievers there has been erected a shrine, housing a piece of the original feather cloak, for all to see.

Shizuoka to Toyohashi

April 22nd.

WHEN Kipling sang "East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet," he obviously quite forgot Japan; for here the East and West are constantly knocking elbows, often walking arm in arm, with results officially designated as "semi-European."

At Shizuoka, half-way between Western Myianoshita and Eastern Toyohashi, is found a semi-European hotel, copying, as they all seem to do, the worst of the hostelries of the Occident and linking it to the least appealing features of the Orient. The chef has usually passed his apprenticeship in America, where, as cook, "boy," or valet, he has become so versed in things American, that the cooking is very acceptable. The rooms, however, are furnished according to a book of rules, entitled "The House Dreadful." A cracked washbowl and pitcher occupy the place of honor on a rickety stand. Nearby is a tin slop basin, devoid of paint. In the center is a creaky iron bedstead with mattress and pillow, made, for all one can tell to the contrary, from the same metal. One disconsolate chair and plenty of dirt.

There is a reason, however, for this uncleanliness in cleanly Japan. If as tourist you visit purely Japanese museums, temples and certain other public buildings, you must always have slip covers over your shoes; while, if as guest, you call at the private home of a Japanese gentleman or at the house of the poorest laborer, you must invariably take off your shoes at the front porch and enter in stockinged feet. Within doors the poorer class, men and women, go barefoot; others wear *tabi*, a sock of cotton or silk, cut with space for the big toe. When leaving the house they slip on *geta*, wooden or matted clogs, which are in readiness at the

porch entrance. In consequence the idea has become firmly embedded in the minds of all Japanese that where boots and shoes bring in the dirt of the street, is to be considered as the street. Resultantly the post office, the street cars, the railway trains are oftentimes filthy; and most rooms in semi-European hotels anything but clean. Europeans, once they have learned Japanese ways, prefer all-Japanese to half-European, and so always patronize Japanese inns, failing all-European hotels.

The morning dawns with rain beating against the windows, serving to dampen, without extinguishing enthusiasm.

But thanks to the rain, the roads are free from travel except for children on their way to nearby schools. All carry paper umbrellas, some bright yellow, others dark brown, which, with the dull reds and deep blues of the clothing, make striking color combinations. Now and again a coolie with coat of straw trudging beside a horse similarly covered adds another strange note. Otherwise the road is deserted.

At the Oigawa River a mile-long bridge awaits you, intact, but so shaky looking that had it been shorter, one would be inclined to walk it. Until the bridge was built, not long ago, hundreds of coolies were stationed here to carry travelers across. Platforms were provided for the palanquins of the nobility. Sometimes to make a splurge they would hire thirty or forty carriers who, shouting and singing, would rush them across. Usually you were perched on the shoulders of a single coolie and so ferried over. Lone travelers proved legitimate prey; about midstream, they were made to "give up" an extra fare or be dumped into the swiftly running water; and dumped they surely would be.

On both sides of the road are masses of a dark-brown shrub, some three or four feet high, with a small white

flower, giving a faint but delicious perfume. But only on leaving them behind do we discover that these are tea bushes and that Shizuoka is the stamping ground for scores of tea merchants who export to the United States all the best tea of this neighborhood. From the front seat we learn that according to a pious legend, tea had its origin with a Buddhist priest who for many years lived here in prayer and silent meditation. One night, despite all efforts, he failed in keeping open his eyes. So angry was he at this weakness that, to prevent ever again shutting them, he cut off both eyelids and cast them on the ground. Lo! the two eyelids transformed themselves into two bushes, and those who drink the product of these bushes always pass a sleepless night.

The Tokaido is left to avoid Kanaya Pass, which is actually very steep and in wet weather a pass all but impassable. This detour brings one near the sea onto the level, giving a chance for speed, but hardly in our stride before we have, what the guide calls a "punk"— "puncture" being difficult for the Japanese mouth. Forty minutes is spent in watching a quick detachable wheel belie its name.

Fisher folk keep us company on these unknown roads, naked, despite the cool April breeze, except for loin cloths the color of the soil, which, with the crude fishing implements hanging from their shoulders, gives them much the appearance of some prehistoric folk. Apparently this is their first sight of an automobile. Pompeii, overwhelmed in the midst of her daily tasks, could show no more curious sights. Men, women and children, whatever their occupation, stand as if frozen to the spot. The hammer raised for a blow, never falls. Chop sticks are held immovable between rice bowl and mouth; and two youths indulging in an open-air tooth-washing are turned to stone, with rigid arms fixed to two brushes protruding from gaping mouths.

Hardly do the wheels stop in front of a simple wooden building at Toyohashi when out rush six *neosans*, bowing until their foreheads fairly touch the ground, doing us honor and bidding us welcome.

"Invited" to discard our shoes, in stockinged feet and with an effort to appear unconscious, we shuffle into our first Japanese inn.

Toyohashi to Gifu

April 23rd.

SUCH a contrast is the Japanese inn of tonight when compared with the semi-European hotel of last night! Immaculately clean are these wooden floors, dark and highly polished from the constant rubbing of bare and slippered feet in the continual passing to and fro. The speckless kitchen is fearlessly opened to the inspection of all guests; in truth one can hardly escape it, for the kitchen is in the very front of the house, while the best rooms occupy the rear, together with the garden. And this garden is a dream in Japanese beauty—a hidden retreat where the master of the house in his leisure moments can quietly and meditatively study nature.

The rooms are eight-mat rooms; the sizes of all rooms being indicated by the number of mats. In one corner is an alcove known as the *Tokonoma*, where stands a vase of exquisite porcelain, into which is thrust a long, graceful branch of a cherry tree in full blossom. Behind is hung a *kakenoma*, a scroll painting by some famous artist. Next to this alcove occupying the rest of that side of the room, are cupboards, perhaps three feet high from the floor, the doors of silvered paper, covered with sketches of some fabled animals. Above are a couple of shelves with one treasured curio on each shelf. Two cushions of silk lie on the floor, an arm rest alongside, upon which to lean when sitting—or rather squatting—on the cushion. A *tabako-bon*, or tobacco tray, being a metal cup three-fourths full of ashes, with a few tiny bits of live charcoal, is ready for lighting your cigarette; while a *hibachi*, a large bronze urn full of burning charcoal, over which an ornate iron kettle merrily sings, is handy to a little table, perhaps eighteen inches high, carrying two or three tea cups.

Over the doors are framed panels of caligraphy, suggesting the "God Bless Our Home," worked in worsted, hanging in many back-country houses; but these wordings are descriptive of the thoughts which scenes from the window suggest.

Such is the bare inventory of the furniture, changed every week, so that the inmates may never grow weary of gazing at the same things.

The writer is installed in his room only with the help of three *neosans*, who, from their actions, "seem to entertain some happy hopes as to the vulnerability of his heart." Despite all protests, his clothing is removed piece by piece, each being subjected to the curious scrutiny of all the giggling three. Just in the nick of time a cotton kimona appears on the scene and is thrown about his now blushing form, and he is escorted to a tub of amazingly hot water, where to his great relief he is allowed to parboil—alone.

At eight o'clock, unannounced the *neosans* again glide in and start to make the beds, which consists of spreading a thick comforter, called *futon*, on the floor. Natives content themselves with one; pampered Europeans demand several, and it is said you can judge one's popularity by the number of his *futons*. As a top covering you are given another wadded comforter of flowered silk, made into something like a huge overcoat. You slip it on backward; that is, the back of your coat covers your chest; and you are ready for the night. As nothing but rice paper stretched on light, wooden frames protects you from all outdoors, police regulations demand heavy wooden shutters to be drawn completely round the house, boxing you up, so to speak, for the night. The slightest noise, a cough, someone turning in bed, the rap of a pipe against a *tabako-bon*, telling of a night-cap smoke, can be heard from one end of the house to the other; the only partitions between rooms being *fusuma*

Neosans: literally elder sisters, but here used as maid-servants.

—wooden frames, pasted over with ornamental paper, removable at will. Amid these strange and somewhat disquieting surroundings sleep comes slowly, but it comes at last.

A long-drawn rasping just outside the room, followed by a loud bang that shakes the house, awakes us with a start. The *amado* are being shoved into their day-time shelter, as a hint to sleep no more.

No Japanese innkeeper would dream of being so impolite as to inform his guests that they must get up; but with a din, followed by a glare of light, making more sleep improbable he accomplishes the same result with perfect etiquette. While only six o'clock, we take the hint and pull aside the paper *shoji* opening into a narrow passage; then similar *shoji* on the farther side, and step into the dainty garden beyond. The trees are all a-drip from a fine drizzling rain, so we linger only a moment, but quite long enough to find on returning that our beds have been spirited away—this time, by way of suggestion to dress. Search is made for the washroom, which when found is discovered to be partially occupied by two Japanese ladies (fellow-guests), nude to the waist, busy at their toilet. They keep on, utterly oblivious of a strange man's presence until he begins to brush his teeth. That excites their curiosity. The man noticing this, endeavors to brush with a more graceful sweep than before; but never having been taught to perform with tooth brush in public, dismally fails and the women bursting into laughter leave the room.

Wooden tooth brushes are supplied to all guests at Japanese hotels. They are sticks of wood, about twice the size of a pencil, the top, to half an inch down, slivered into fine bristles, giving the appearance of a small paint brush. Salt is generally used as a tooth powder. The stranger's soapy powder foaming at the mouth probably caused all the hilarity.

The salt tooth powder is invariably sucked down the throat with the polite intaking of breath always necessary when greeting your washroom mate as he or she enters the room, with the not unnatural result that every once in a while there is such violent hacking and coughing that a stranger to a Japanese inn would imagine he was in some consumptive ward. Those moderns who use Western tooth powder seem to think they get the full effect only by swallowing a liberal supply and that causes the gagging of a rough ocean voyage. "Early morning in a Japanese inn has its unaesthetic side."

The drizzle has changed to downpour. Quaint figures half-hidden by big paper umbrellas in yellows, browns and blues, provide a charming picture, helping to make one forget the discomforts of rain. Apparently the habit of "borrowing" umbrellas is not confined to Western lands. Everyone of these paper umbrellas carries hieroglyphics as large as the umbrella permits, which, translated, gives the name of the owner, for all to read. Rich and poor, young and old are all provided, and a wet day in a crowded city is an unforgettable sight.

The Yahagi River is crossed by the first modernly-constructed bridge since Tokyo. There is more than purely local pride in this particular bridge, for all Japan yield to it the reverence inculcated by ancestral worship. Here, according to Japanese history, the very famous Hideyoshi spent his boyhood days; but the story is best told by our philosopher guide, and is here given as written by himself:

"Hideyoshi was very poor altogether and had no place to sleep, so sleeped on the bridge. And midnights, great stealing man passed in the bridge and his feet touched Hideyoshi boy's feets. And Hideyoshi waked up and made call and he speaked to stealing man: 'No right to do such things without excuse.' Stealing man surprised for that small boy speaks like this; all bodies generally frightened at

midnight when head stealing man had plenty men with. So stealing man thought small boy had plenty strong heart and did say excuses and when he said them he go on.

"After whiles that small boy grew up to be big *shogun* and then big *shogun* called up stealing man and made him *Diamyo* and he was dutiful to him always after. Now everybody who go on the Tokaido especially look at for this bridge."

The level road without interfering traffic, soon brings us within sight of the famous Nagoya Castle, the Mecca of all tourists to Japan; but it rains, if possible, harder than ever, and anxious to reach Gifu we decide to wallow on. The *shoji* everywhere are tightly shut and the light from the charcoal fires within cast shadow pictures on the white paper screens, showing men and women, with pipe in mouth, huddling over *hibachis*.

In about an hour we, too, have had a hot tub; are wrapped in warm kimonos and with pipe in mouth are huddling round our *hibachis*.

Gifu to Kioto

April 24th.

A THUNDER storm is raging with the violence and fury peculiar to all volcanic lands. The hills which rear high just behind the inn are completely blotted out, though playing their part in this orchestra of elements as sounding boards, which echo and re-echo the peals of thunder until they combine into one continuous deafening blast.

The lightning streaks the sky with incessant and blinding flashes. The wind, driving down the valley, fairly shakes the inn, while the rain in torrents seems as if trying to beat to the ground this frail bamboo building of paper walls.

Tonight it means more than just a storm. It spells disappointment. Not again may we have the chance to visit the famous cormorant fishing, and so it is somewhat disconsolately that we gaze down at the streets below streaming with water, apparently forbidding all to venture forth except on most urgent business.

But the very violence befriends us. The storm wears itself out and the quiet of extreme exhaustion follows.

Half-past eight sees us gayly trundling along in jinrikshas toward the Nagara River where we transfer to a boat waiting alongside the wharf. It's the usual low open sampan with sharp, high-pointed ends, protected now, amidship, by a peaked wooden roof from which hang many gaudily-colored lanterns. The floor is covered with matting and in the center the bowl of pipe charcoal is alight and ready, while two bronze figures, naked, except for loin cloths, stand statue-like at bow and stern waiting for the word to push off. Once the city is left, we are wrapped in almost complete darkness. The heavy clouds still massing in the sky, now

and again in their race across space fall apart, just enough to momentarily give a dim, faint light reflected from the moon buried deep in the blackness behind.

Sombre, thickly-wooded hills rise on both sides meeting the equally sombre heavens to form an inky tunnel through which we almost have to feel our way. From over a distant bend of the river appears a glow, like that above some big city at night when seen from afar. There the boats are gathering.

We pole against a strong, swift current and when tired of shoving, the men throw aside the bamboo sticks, jump into the water up to the waist and tow the boat. It needs a full hour of this alternate pushing and pulling to carry us around the bend.

Here, huddled together as one big party, are a score or more of boats, all brilliant with lanterns, several large enough to hold fifty passengers, every one filled to overflowing with men and women—the bright kimonos of the women betraying their class.

Some are thrumming the samisen; others sending off fireworks; all jabbering. They welcome the foreigners with a hearty *banzai;* even shouting a cordial invitation to join with them, as without Geishas we must indeed be lonely.

But now drifting with the current, in single file, come the cormorant fishing boats. And immediately everyone scatters for the points of vantage.

At the bow-end of the boats is an iron basket hooked to the top of a high movable crane, swung at pleasure to either side. Filled with blazing pitch-pine knots, it gives a torch-flame, lighting the water far in front. Just behind the basket is a man clutching in one hand a dozen lines, seemingly driving the watery steeds spread out in fan-like array before him. Helmsmen and oarsmen are entirely hidden in the shadows at the stern and all to be seen is this one stand-

ing figure sharply outlined in the glare of light and twelve cormorants tugging at their iron collars—the lines taut and the boat gliding silently along.

The strumming of samisens completely stops; fireworks are forgotten; tongues wag no longer. Not a sound is to be heard save a monotonous shrill call from the fishing boats, a ceaselessly repeated "Uish, Uish," which seem to encourage and urge on the cormorants to greater efforts; for in quick response their bills strike the water with lightning rapidity, followed by the whole body, which soon sinks out of sight. No sooner up than the commanding "Uish" sends them down again. One, two and sometimes by sixes, they dive. Again all twelve will be floating on the water's surface, straining at their lines.

Suddenly, without apparent reason, a bird is hauled aboard and with quick pressure at the base of the throat is made to disgorge his catch. Every cormorant wears round his long snaky neck a metal ring, tight enough to prevent the passage of other than small, unsalable fish. Around his body is a cord with a bamboo handle by which to lift or lower the heavy bird. A bird owner must be able to handle twelve reins skilfully. He must have his eyes everywhere, especially must he know just when the birds are ready to disgorge. In the season, when the firelight attracts swarms of fish, a bird will catch four or five at one dive, perhaps one hundred and fifty in an hour, and keep it up until his gluttonous appetite is satisfied.

Almost before we know it the current carries us back to Gifu. The boats are anchored, the ungainly birds are lined up along the gunwale, some almost too drowsy with much feeding to even preen themselves; others after a deft toss by the owner who finds them under weight, are allowed to forage for themselves along the river's edge.

The fishing bout is over. Quickly 'rickshas carry us to the inn and soon we are asleep beneath soft, silken *futons*,

dreaming of Lohengrin in his swan boat, and other fairy craft of the long ago.

Another fine, modern bridge leads out of Gifu. Coming across it, city-ward, are a stream of carts piled high with market produce; while in the counter-stream are many of those unpleasant reminders of Japan's medieval sanitation —long drays filled with tubs of night-soil with which to enrich the farming land, and which will probably be offered in exchange for some of the very vegetables now bound to the markets. This type of fertilization is most repugnant to our Western notions, yet due to its use, Japanese farmland shows not the least impoverishment, but on the contrary remains immensely rich. Of course, individual and intensive labor has much to do with this. Every farmer is hard at work from dawn till dusk, though superficial travelers often gain a different impression, especially if catching sight of them around ten in the morning when they will be lounging about, drinking a cup of tea; or after the dinner hour, when they are to be seen stretched out full length on the floor of their houses, open for all the world to inspect; or again later about three, when more tea is served. At those times you mentally jot them down as woefully lazy.

The sun is out and once having rushed past the city scavengers who "have an odor nothing in common with cherry blossoms," the air is sweet with the perfume of many flowers. Flowers are everywhere. On top of nearly every wagon load of vegetables is a bunch—not for sale, mind you, but solely to give pleasure to the stupid-looking countryman lolling on the front seat in whom a love of flowers would be unsuspected. Even the drays of the scavengers now and then sport a nosegay; while every available spot along the road is filled. Just in front are magnolias, orange trees and palms grouped together on the edge of a slimy paddy field. Religion is partly the reason. Buddhism

teaches that. "There is a religious sentiment in the meditation of the beauties of nature."

Everyone evidently thinks the rain is over. Umbrellas are out to dry, literally lining the main street of every small village. And countless others besides ourselves seem to be taking advantage of this first bright day either for business or pleasure. Bands of school children are on pilgrimage and as they pass shout a happy *banzai.* Interesting and worthy of imitation are these frequent school excursions, which, in charge of some teacher, take the boys or girls on visits to all the sights which lie within a day's walking distance—perhaps to some saintly shrine, or the birthplace of the great ones of the country, or to a battlefield, the scene of heroism or some Samurai's self-sacrifice, or perhaps only to a beautiful waterfall, or other fine view—but all teaching love of nature, patriotism and religious sentiment.

Countless medicine men, bedecked in gorgeous uniforms, are parading the streets; some with bugles, others with drums and accordions with which to attract attention. From the number one would be inclined to think all the world was sick. It will appear incredible to us of the "new world" that the patent medicine industry had its origin in Japan two and a half centuries ago. It started with Hangoutan, a medicine "which calls back the dead to life," literally translated: Soul-recalling medicine—a household medicine to this very day and which is still prepared according to a secret formula handed down to the descendants of the family discovering it. The names of some of these nostrums are, to say the least, ingenious, such as: Purifying-woman hot water; wonderful effect pills; polish water, to make the face shine; omnipotent paste; twice-eight water, warranted to make all girls sweet sixteen; strengthening brain pills—no matter how far gone, the patient will be refreshed;

Samurai = warrior.

hopeless cases benefited. If several packets are taken the cure is guaranteed. Does this sound natural? It is two hundred years old.

The signs of a big city are not long in showing themselves. Kioto, the old capital, appears to be far more inviting than Tokyo the new; and we draw up in front of the good Kioto Hotel with pleasurable anticipation.

Bujuki
Hane
Onsentsu
Tsunoju
Hamada
Masuda
Ejaki
Hagi
Akajaki
Toyo
Tsuyama
Shimonoseki
Kokura
Yamaguchi
Hiroshima
Miyajima
Saijo
Matsuyama
Takamatsu
Marugame
Yoshino
Tokushima
Kochi
SHIKOKU
KYUSHU
Saseho
Sasebo
Nagasaki
Yamaga
Kumamoto
Matsubashi
Yatsushiro
Minamata
Akune
Sendai
Hidai
Kajiki
Miyajaki
Kagoshima
Miyakonojo
Takanabe
Tomitaka
Nobeoka
Kunada
Bansho
Inukai
Oita
Beppo
Kamikawa
Mori
Yabakei
Nakatsu
Shieda
Yukuhashi
Kokuno
Yamaie
Tosu
Saga
Takeo
Kurume
Omuta
Ariake
Shimabara

HONSHU
SHIKOKU
KYUSHU
Hirosaki
Aomori
Akita
Yokote
Hukushima
Yamagata
Niigata
Sendai
Nagaoka
Toyama
Kanazawa
Fukui
Nagano
Matsumoto
Tsuruga
Kyoto
Osaka
Nagoya
Gifu
Tsu
Hamamatsu
Shizuoka
Kofu
Urawa
Tokyo
Hachioji
Mito
Utsunomiya
Maebashi
Takasaki
Chiba
Tsuchiura
Kasukabe
Matsuyama
Tokushima
Kochi
Takamatsu
Hiroshima
Okayama
Kurashiki
Tottori
Matsue
Yonago
Shimonoseki
Yamaguchi
Hagi
Fukuoka
Kokura
Yawata
Nagasaki
Sasebo
Kumamoto
Oita
Miyazaki
Kagoshima
Nobeoka
Saiki
Beppu
Hitoyoshi
Yatsushiro
Tomitaka
Takanabe
Akune
Sendai
Hidai
Kajiki
Miyakonojo
Miyakonoji
Bansho
Kunada
Inukai
Matsubashi
Minamata
Omuta
Tsuyama
Himeji
Kobe
Osaka
Wakayama
Tokushima
Kochi
Takamatsu
Marugame
Matsuyama
Uwajima
Saijo
Imabari
Onomichi
Fukuyama
Hiroshima
Iwakuni
Yanai
Shimonoseki
Yamaguchi
Ube
Hagi
Tsuwano
Masuda
Izumo
Matsue
Yonago
Tottori
Akaiji
Himeji
Kobe
Osaka
Wakayama
Tsuyama
Okayama
Kurashiki
Fukuyama
Onomichi
Imabari
Saijo
Uwajima
Matsuyama
Tokushima
Kochi
Takamatsu
Marugame
Sakaide
Kure

Nagaoka
Nagano
Fukui
Matsumoto
Takasaki
Utsunomiya
Tsuruga
Kofu
Urawa
Hachioji
Tokyo
Nagoya
Okajaki
Shizuoka
Yokohama
Kyoto
Nara
Osaka
Wakayama
Tsu
Hamamatsu
Yamana
Hos.
Hiratsuka
Atsugi
Godemba
Kameoka
Yonebe
Giku
Ogaki
Takamiya
Yokkaechi
Toyohashi
Ofuku
Sch. Trinidge
Yamatoji
Ikoma
Tsuchi
Kasu
Yoshiwara
Miyazaki
Wimaku
Hanjoma
Nirasaki
Yamanaka
Nirasaki
Nirasaki
Nirasaki

Kioto to Nara

April 27th.

KIOTO to Nara, just as Yokohama to Miyanoshita, is a much-trumpeted motoring trip; largely because everybody goes to Nara and nearly everybody "follows the man from Cook's," and he says "Go by automobile."

To be sure, the road is broad, as roads go in this country, the surface fairly good throughout, the bridges almost monotonously in place, exactly where bridges are supposed to be; and resultantly lacking all those adventurous hazards which give just the spice necessary to some jaded automobile palates. To the Japanese automobiling is yet in its youth and therefore demands no sauce to give it relish.

Once the city is left behind, you journey alongside the river which, by the aid of a connecting canal, carries the waters of Lake Biwa as far as Osaka. Rather an interesting canal this, some eight miles long, with two and a half miles of tunnel. Gravity takes you by boat from Biwa to Kioto, slowly through the spooky tunnels where the light is so dim that, unless you first catch the faint "hallo" of the steersmen, you rarely distinguish approaching boats until they scrape together.

Soon comes the village of Momo-Yama, always provided there is no hold-up at the railway crossing just before you enter. Every railway crossing, even in the back country, is splendidly protected by gates, usually tended by women who invariably lower the barriers according to timetable, irrespective of whether the trains be minutes or hours late, and there the guardians stand, obdurate and immovable, until the expected train finally passes. Good luck brought our train along only five minutes behind time.

Tea bushes surrounded by groups of picturesque young girls, announce Uji, famous for its "Jeweled Dew," a tea selling even here as high as four dollars a pound. The first picking is just beginning and the leaves are gathered to the accompaniment of sing-song chants as pleasing to the ear as are the multi-colored costumes to the eye. But even more famous is Uji for her firefly battles, when trams and trains will be jammed with eager sightseers. The river hereabouts winds between low hills upon which, early in June, gather millions of sparkling insects. Religious legend teaches that these fireflies are the ghosts of some old-time warrior clans, who in life were always battling one against the other, and now once a year as an inspiration to their more material descendants, again wage war.

One of their fairy tales tells of the beautiful daughter of the firefly king, who courted by so many black bugs, scarlet dragons and gold beetles, that she found it difficult to make a choice, so she commanded each to bring her a present of fire, promising to marry the one whose present was the most brilliant. Away they flew. Some tried to snatch the fire from the candles flickering in the houses along the road, but most of them made for the big lamps lighting the temple grounds. Bruised, with their wings scorched and burnt, their mutilated and dead bodies soon covered the ground. In the morning the old temple sweepers were heard to mumble sadly: "My! but the princess had many lovers last night."

Little wire cages are bought, half full of moistened grass, into which have burrowed a hundred or so captured fireflies; for the Jap, with all his sentiment, is quite a mercenary gentleman and is not above coining money from the ghosts of somebody else's ancestors. It is quite a business. Experts with a bag of fine net and a long pole take their stand every night during the season near some weeping willow, which, after dark, is alight with "budding fire." With the

pole they strike the trees and down fall, beetle-like, the fireflies which, now brighter than ever from fear or pain, are easily picked up. One must work quickly and so both hands are used, and the fireflies go first into the mouth as the most convenient resting place, and from there into the bag.

By frequently wetting the grass our fireflies sparkle for over two weeks, and later are set free in a tea garden, together with thousands of others, given their freedom for the enjoyment of the many assembled guests. For all we know, they still live and prosper.

In about two hours from the time of leaving Kioto one lands in front of an exceedingly well-built European hotel.

From the windows one can look into the beautiful Nara Park and at nightfall see thousands of tiny lights winking from the depths of rough stone lanterns with which the sacred park is filled—faint lights, but yet bright lights against the dark evergreen of dense groves; and in the mirror of the lake just below they multiply a thousand-fold.

The spell of Japan is upon us.

Nara to Osaka

May 1st.

IN the broad daylight the truly magnificent park of Nara with its twelve hundred acres of woodland, crossed and recrossed by broad avenues, overhung with cryptomeria, looks no less inviting than in the witching hours of the night before. Everywhere the underbrush is cleared away so that the rich green turf creeps up to the very tree trunks, very much as in a well-kept English park; but how un-English are the many temple buildings, to which are long and broad approaches lined with double rows of lanterns. Hundreds of deer roam about, protected in the early days by laws which made the killing of one of them punishable by death. They were considered sacred, since one of the gods, today worshipped here, came to Nara riding on a deer. Now they are sheltered by the gentle piety of the people and have become great pets, taking every advantage of this immunity. If you stop but for a moment, almost surely you will sense a soft nose feeling its way into one of your pockets (if masculine enough to own one), or you will be brought suddenly about by a none too tender thump on the back to find the pathetic eyes of some young doe begging for sweets.

Quite a good road takes us out of Nara through the little suburban town of Koriyama, where, as in most Japanese villages, the way becomes narrow and congested, throttling us down to a crawl, while Horyuji not far away stops us altogether. Here is the oldest Buddhist temple in Japan, which though exteriorly not a thing of beauty, has perhaps the rarest collection of early art in existence. To be truthful, so early, that to some unimaginative ones it may seem as though hardly awake. It is the virtual starting point of

Japanese art, dating, according to records, from the year 586. There are scores and scores of figures, sculptured from wood and bronze; shrines and reliquaries without number and of every description, from the pupil of Buddha's eye to his shinbone, all laid in caskets of crystal. Mural paintings, showing pious gentlemen being devoured by tigers and other pleasant little scenes, cover the walls. Persia, India, China are all represented. We carry away in remembrance—by purchase, if you please—a five-inch wooden pagoda, containing a tiny Buddhist scripture, claimed to represent the oldest production of printing art in the world, executed between the years 749 and 758, a trifle over eleven hundred years old.

Osaka is sighted. The city seems seething with life and lights. Hurrying through and over a bridge that fairly shouts its newness, into the only park of this great ugly industrial city—an island separating the river into two streams—the hotel is found. It resembles some college inn just before a football game, with tickets for the dining-room and numbered seats. It is thronged and mostly by foreigners, attracted from even faraway cities by Osaka's great night festival. Even at this early hour the river is crowded with boats, manœuvring back and forth right in front of the balcony running the full length of the hotel, almost directly opposite the Temman-gu Temple, for which the festival is given.

Osaka is Japan's great manufacturing city, and of the one and one-half million inhabitants a great majority are work people, all of whom today have a holiday, celebrating without knowing, and probably not caring, in honor of a god of the rich and the cultured; for Temman-gu is dedicated to Japan's great classical scholar, posthumously deified as a god of literature. The sacred car containing an image of this very mortal god is to be carried from the temple shrine, placed on board a waiting boat and taken down stream to a

place called Matsu-Shima; left there some hours in order to sanctify the neighborhood, and then brought home.

The hotel is fairly plastered with many-colored paper lanterns, as is every building on both sides of the river for miles below. The boats on the river are similarly decorated and all are packed with men, women and children. Huge affairs some of them, with electric signs, to advertise a popular beer. The Japanese take their religion lightly, but their business most seriously, and this is too good a business opportunity to let slip by.

Other boats, equally large, are crowded with mere pleasure seekers who have hired jugglers, acrobats and dancers to amuse them, and scores of small boats hover around the larger ones as gnats about a candle, drawn by the light and anticipation of free entertainment. There are only two boats not in motion and they are tied fast to the opposite shore, one filled with figures of historical personages attired in gorgeous costumes; the other as yet empty—awaiting the sacred car. Soon loud shouts are heard, and the car comes into sight, surrounded by a frenzied crowd, and borne aloft by one yet more delirious. Along every inch of the two long poles supporting the car are squeezed human carriers who sing and shout and leap into the air, quite as though mad! A St. Vitus' dance of old Germany could not have been more strange. The car tilts at a dangerous angle, it sways backward and forward, a mere feather in the hands of this frantic rabble, though probably weighing more than a ton. The boat is finally reached; the sound of sacred music floats across the river; everywhere the lanterns flash forth their lights and the procession begins to move. Our *sampan* is moored just below, and we hasten down, but with all the hurry reach it only to find that oars and poles are quite useless. Along with thousands of other boats we are wedged together like some log jam, nothing to do but drift. Literally, the boats are so many and so close one could easily

walk from bank to bank across the river. The "congregation" is a yelling mob, crazed by mental and physical emotions. Fights are frequent, many being enflamed by *sake;* and as foreigners we find ourselves unpleasantly conspicuous. Our boatman on the promise of rich rewards, manages to wiggle out of the almost solid mass and nearer to the sacred float where musicians in relays are constantly playing without a second's intermission. It is almost like day, every building is a blaze of light within and without. Men and women bearing torches, line both banks. Afloat are strangely shaped wire baskets filled with burning waste. Huge platforms are anchored amid-stream, on which are piled enormous bonfires, many constructed as were the ancient funeral pyres, fifteen feet high. Around them dance naked figures who, as the shrine approaches, drench the fire with pails of kerosene, until the flames leap high with a heat as though from some blast furnace. The attendants are forced to jump into the river again and again, to cool themselves.

We drift for hours amid this bedlam, but not until well after three in the morning do we tire of the picture and turn into one of the numerous canals which crisscross Osaka, gliding through the Venice-like waters under many bridges, back to the hotel, and to bed.

Sake=native wine.

Osaka to Kobe

May 3d.

IT is a common saying in Japan that he who finds Osaka a picturesque city, does not invite much confidence in his judgment. Be that as it may, not far from Osaka is a most picturesque bathing beach where Japan only within the last few years has learnt that sea bathing is not merely a western idiosyncrasy, but a real sport and pleasure. Miles of splendid beach are now lined with hotels and near the water are primitive shelters, roofed, but without sides, where one can lounge at full length, sip their tea or slip off their bathing clothes and publicly dry themselves if native modesty allows. The bathing suits commonly used are far from beautiful, generally being one-piece, with broad stripes, on the prison order, and the majority of the people within the suits, according to Western standards, can hardly be called more beautiful—all the women of the older generation being bow-legged from much squatting on bended knees. The chairs and benches now found in all schools, many theatres and some houses, are making astonishing changes and the young girls growing into womanhood are far taller and much straighter. If somewhat startling to see the open beach used as a dressing room, imagine one's feelings on returning to the hotel to find that everyone who can crowd in has gone into the one huge bathroom for a "hot water soak"! Here clothes are decidedly out of fashion—but perhaps it is better to draw a veil, not even mentioning the name of the inn, being unable to conscientiously recommend it to Puritans.

The morning finds us creeping through the busy streets of Osaka, alongside interminable stretches of freight yards with scores of factory chimneys as a foreground.

Immense storehouses called *godowns* line the way, filled to the brim with ripening *sake* for which Osaka has long been famous, and to which it owes its name. And strange to say, through Portuguese travelers it introduced the name to England's good fellows, who, in Shakespeare's day, always made merry on "sack."

On the outskirts of a nearby town is a large settlement, so sharply and so obviously with intent cut off from the town proper, that it rouses curiosity and leads to questions. For the first time we hear of the Eta, descendants, so we are told, of long-ago war captives who were forced to work as scavengers, grave diggers, and executioners, as well as at other so-called ignominious tasks. When Buddhism was introduced, which looks upon all takers of life with horror and disdain, the Eta took charge of the slaughter houses and became workers in skins and leather. No matter what success or riches the years brought, they were obliged to live apart and under no consideration could they marry into another class. Even today this feeling survives, and the Eta is downtrodden and segregated just as the Jew was in Russia; and in Japanese literature, fills their place—a late translation of "The Wandering Jew" places an Eta in the title rôle.

The road narrows considerably and it is a pretty tight squeeze going through the next town where telegraph poles, as badges of progress, are stuck in the most prominent part of the street for fear they will not be seen.

Finally the sea comes into view—the beautiful inland sea, one of the loveliest of waters in the world.

Here is Kobe.

Kobe to Akao

May 8th.

BOTH Suzuki, the chauffeur, and Jinya, the interpreter, make prayers to the gods, promising many rice cakes if only fair weather is granted during the trip through rainy Kyushu. These prayers, written on thin paper, are first wet, then beaten into soggy pulp, rolled into tiny balls and hurled at the huge wooden figures standing without the temple gates, where, in the belief of the Japanese, they control both wind and flood. If the paper wads reach the gods and cling, it is interpreted that the prayers sink to their hearts and are received with favor. Evidently they stuck good and fast, for the sky is cloudless as the motor starts forth at a good pace down the asphalt pavement of Kobe's foreign quarter where a green flag, indicating "careful," is being frantically waved by a nevertheless smiling policeman.

Child-like, European Kobe nestles close to the hills, as though seeking from mother earth the same protection given children by all mothers, and the slopes above are literally studded with villas, from which the views of the inland sea below must be superb.

Japanese Kobe is all too quickly reached and here the streets are narrow and the traffic heavy—a combination fatal to speed, and equally fatal to one's temper, until you are in Japan long enough to learn that there are two chief "dont's," "Never be in a hurry" and "Never lose your temper." But if you have given way to a fit of sulks, the broad road outside of Kobe, following closely the many indentations of the coast, will restore good nature and if recklessly inclined, will permit almost 15 miles an hour. Grotesque pines openly confessing to not less than three hundred years,

shade the way and all these years have been models for the dwarf trees so beloved by Japanese. Decidedly bizarre in shape, notably at a village called Maiko, which our "guide, philosopher and friend" on the front seat tells us means "dancing girl," and is so named because in certain lights the outstretched branches look like sinuous arms which, with twisted trunks and drapery-like, far-stretching roots, resemble Geishas in trailing kimonos, whirling rapidly. This is a frequent theme of native poets and the constant despair of foreign artists.

The bright day brings its own troubles; for it brings to the road all sorts and conditions of men and many of them. In trying to dodge and at the same time trying to see one is constantly tempting fate. In front is a band of country folk, men and women, all with kimonos well tucked up to give their sturdy legs a chance for strides, long enough to carry them to faraway Koyosan. They offer something of a study in underwear, or rather lack of underwear, though the men wear swimming trunks instead of the old-time loin cloths. Somebody, on a venture, imported bathing trunks from America and now they are quite the fashion in all parts of Japan—not for swimming, mind you, for when going swimming they take them off!

These are pilgrims, probably delegates chosen to represent the community from whence they come. Impossible for the whole village to go, so everybody chips in a cent or two a month and at the proper time the lucky ones are chosen by lot and their traveling expenses paid from out the common fund. A Japanese proverb says, "A frog in the well knows nothing of the great ocean," and were it not for these religious picnics the peasants and artisans would know little of the life "beyond the hills." They are a wide-awake lot and bring back to their home town a fund of information about new crops and new methods of growing them, in the end worth many times the cost—and then they have had

a good time; incidentally prayed a little at several shrines and so rolled up a good-sized credit in piety, enough to last, they hope, for life.

Strangely, the way is free and clear for at least one hundred feet! The mid-road loiterers are apparently busy elsewhere, perhaps because, drawn up to one side is a toymaker—a sculptor, if you will—modeling from bean paste, while you wait, animals and dolls which, stuck on sticks, sell for one *sen*—half a cent. The execution is exceedingly clever, even artistic. Nearby a sugar cook, with a dozen little kettles no larger than toy utensils, half-filled with a boiling-hot, pleasant-smelling mess, draws a sweet-toothed crowd of old as well as young; and not far beyond a fortune-teller, undoubtedly inveigling his clients by the world-old promises of unveiling the future. Once by this trio, the road is again its usual congested self.

In this valley, one has the chance to inspect at close range the semi-medieval irrigation system. Modern scientific methods might be a benefit, but where a farmer works at most but one or two acres, and sometimes less than one, hand and foot oftentimes give better results than mechanical power. Farming must be personal and intensive, where fully 86 per cent of all the country is mountainous or waste, so far as farming goes. The water from the irrigation ponds and dams does double, often quadruple duty, running in front of the houses along the main street, handy for anything from bathing the baby to washing the clothes.

May 5th is the boys' festival and outside of New Year's Day, probably the festival most generally observed. Quite some little time before that date, gigantic paper or cotton carp will be seen floating from poles like so many flags. One of the strongest of fish, the carp, is able to swim up-stream; so, according to belief, will the sturdy boy overcome all obstacles and make his way to fame

and fortune. On the festival day the principal room in the house is assigned to the boy and his invited playmates. Here on exhibition will be seen all the toys given by friends and relatives, which in the homes of the rich are so many that they pile up tier upon tier from the floor to the very ceiling. Life-like images of Samurai heroes, gorgeously dressed; ancient warriors with bow and arrow; modern soldiers of every type and rank; large and small model guns; war vessels—in fact, everything that is manly and emblematic of strength. These will be used in play for one day and then put away in a *godown* until the following year.

At Naha we wheel away from the Tokaido, up a gentle incline covered with wild azalias intermingled with white and violet wisteria now carpeting the slopes on every side. The gentle incline becomes a sharp ascent and soon stretching out far below is a most exquisite panorama, with Akao holding the center of the picture.

Akao to Fukuyama

May 9th.

AKAO perhaps occupies the front niche in the Japanese Hall of Fame; being the home of the heroic Forty-seven Ronin, whose Lord and Master lived in the castle of Akao, now in ruins, within view from the windows of the Shibataya Inn, our lodging place for the night.

As the story runs, some couple of centuries ago the Lord of Akao attempted to wipe out a most deadly insult by killing a fellow peer. Failing, he was caught and immediately sentenced to commit hari-kiri—suicide by disemboweling. Forty-seven of his retainers declared vendetta and for many, many years by keeping to the pathway of poverty, suffering and even personal degradation so disarmed suspicion they were enabled to gain access to the castle of the noble responsible for their Lord's death. There they stabbed him to death and cut off his head, carrying it as a peace offering to the tomb of their master, within the temple of Sengakuji, in Tokyo. After engaging the temple priests to read prayers and obtaining a pledge of honorable burial from the abbot who "marveled at the faithful courage of these forty-seven men," they one and all performed hari-kiri as had their master before them.

According to Japanese ideas this was a sacred duty, the act of warriors, and not until the upheaval of 1873 were any laws promulgated against this ancient custom. And laws notwithstanding, on the film screen and on the stage this drama of revenge is always followed by frantic applause from the assembled audience.

To this day the people flock to these graves paying them almost divine honors. Flowers are strewn about

them and clouds of perfumed incense are ever rising to mingle with the spirits in the upper world.

The way out from Akao, so far as the eye can tell, is apparently blocked by a group of sugar-loaf hills, just where the valley, in which the town lies, narrows sharply. We stop to make inquiries. Whenever you need or seek information, just stop and a crowd will collect. Never necessary to be in front of anything or near anybody; even in the very wildest parts of Japan the people will spring from nowhere.

At first no response is obtained. A second attempt fares no better, the crowd only gathering nearer and peering more curiously. It seems the people have learned that quick replies mean an immediate departure, while speechlessness and assumed ignorance offer a chance for closer scrutiny.

Once in a remote district, where we stopped to change tires, the village schoolmaster, on catching sight of us, adjourned school and then mustered his flock around our waiting car. Absolutely ignoring our presence, and as though in his own classroom, he gave a lecture on the intricacies of the mechanism, not even hesitating to open the hood and test the various parts.

At Nishi paper flowers are strung along the thatched roofs, overhanging the road, and flower arches cross the way at frequent intervals—one of the many holy days of the local shrine. If mathematically inclined you might calculate for yourself their probable frequency. Every shrine and temple celebrates at least a dozen days a year, and there are over 130,000 Shinto shrines, to which must be added about 75,000 Buddhist temples.

Something of a novelty in bridges awaits us at the Takahasi river—a bridge that doesn't bridge, but just casually, as it were, dumps one into the middle of the river-bed to shift for himself.

It takes a bit of maneuvering to squeeze between the

bridge rails and onto the sand and gravel, where every available ounce of horsepower must be supplemented by much manpower in order to pull one through to bridge No. 2—only to find that out of commission.

In the fall, after the rainy season, there is always an epidemic of bridge repairing, but as yet the disease hasn't taken hold, and a bridge so despicable as to get out of repair ahead of time is not worthy of attention. Unfortunately, the only water of this oftentimes mile-wide raging torrent, is now trickling under this very bridge and except by bridge, impassable.

It requires many pieces of silver to provide the necessary stimulus for repairs while we wait and even after the repairs, the bridge is still so rickety that the chauffeur decides, before crossing, to take off his clothes preparatory to a possible swim. He gets across, but as he describes it, "with only two inches between himself and eternity."

One is inclined to offer thanks to the "Buddha of the wayside" standing at the far end of the bridge, for granting a safe crossing. We stop—for a photograph, if not for prayers. There are few roads in Japan upon which some one of the gods is not to be seen. Among the people these open-air images are known as "wet gods" and are so pictured in popular doggerel.

"Far from the busy town
A Buddha stands and from his nose
An icicle drips down."

Jizo, the comforter of children, is the god most commonly found. He is the Buddhist reflection of Jesus with his comforting command of "Little children, come unto me." About the neck of Jizo is often wrapped a faded bib, a thankoffering from some mother who believes her child has been cured by the deity. According to Buddhism all children must go to the Styx—the river-bed of souls—where they are forced to pile up small heaps of stones, which, to torment

them, are torn down as fast as built. Piles of stone are usually found at the feet of every Jizo in the belief that they may be a help to some child soul in his long penance. This is an undoubted survival from ancient Greece, plainly told in her plastic art. Many modelings show Hermes, the god who conducted the shades to Hades, with exactly similar piles of stones thrown at his feet.

But returning to Japan: all troubles are forgotten in the dazzling sunshine with which this country is blessed; the air is fragrant with flowers and the "scroll of beauties unrolling before our eyes" is most captivating.

Reluctantly we pull up at Fukuyama and out of the car "with the resentfulness of corks from bottles."

Fukuyama to Miyajima

May 10th.

BEYOND question, the streets of Fukuyama are laid out by surveyors overaddicted to the wine of the country. They commence with the very best intentions of going straight, only to develop an inclination to return towards the old festive haunts, and then, as if overcome with remorse, veer right back again. This wobbly and shameless behavior is kept up until the very city limits are reached, and nine complete "S" turns are counted, which, with an initially very narrow road, calls for many strategic retreats.

To make driving even more of an adventure, big piles of gravel and sand, extremely useful in their proper place, lie just where dumped in the middle of the road, with spades alongside, dropped at the first sound of the whistle, for unionism is beginning to get a strangle hold on Japan, and, like all converts, she lives strictly up to rules.

For once no coolies are in sight, and we are obliged to dig our own way through—through to the cheery little town of Onomichi, stretched along the shore of a narrow winding strait where a stiff breeze is churning the waters into creamy white and driving ancient junks at a pace most undignified for such venerable creatures. Some skim so close to the shore you can even descry the cargoes of seaweed stacked high above the gunwales. This is one of the important items in the Japanese dietary—eaten fresh in soup, dried and spiced with vinegar or in the form of jellies. Along much of the coast you will notice far inshore hundreds of stakes driven closely together with which to catch the weed as it floats in at high tide, and in the adjoining villages every

bright day you will see this seaweed laid thick on squares of paper for the sun to dry; finally done up in compact little packages of a dozen sheets each, like so many mustard plasters, to find its way to small specialty shops where there is nothing but seaweed on sale.

The main street of Mihara, our first big town today, is in the throes of house-cleaning. Twice a year at least each street is visited by the authorities and each household is compelled to wash and scour everything in the house. Everything portable is dumped into the middle of the road, as the handiest and most convenient place, while all nooks and corners are explored with broom and duster, later to be washed with disinfectant soap and sprinkled with chloride of lime. All this, mind you, under the watchful eye of the police, who demand from the rich no whit less than from the poor, and all classes submit without a murmur.

The somewhat dull lowlands cluttered with scrubby pines soon give way to foothills and they in turn to high hills, up which one climbs into as beautiful a wooded country as you could wish. Up and down, winding and twisting through a quiet, peaceful forest where the soft hum of the motor awakens answering notes from song-birds—the only inhabitants to be seen. Wishing to carry away a permanent reminder, out comes the camera, but though apparently far from everything and everybody, the power of the police is still felt. The Japanese chauffeur and guide most politely, though firmly, make it quite plain that they are obliged to enforce the law, which prohibits photography in this, a war zone; and we perforce submit, it must be confessed, somewhat unamiably.

Along the coast stretches a splendidly built highway with protecting sea-wall. Scores of girls with bright kimonos up to the waist are digging for clams and oysters. Naked boys romp along the beach, sometimes racing beside the car. The waters are dotted with sails, snowy-white

beneath the brilliant sun. It is with eyes picture-weary that we reach the ferry to Miyajima.

"The honorable car cannot go on the ferry, but must remain behind." "Is there a garage?" "No, but one will soon be built." Up we roll in front of a low, single-story tea house, filled with squatting clients, sipping their tea, smoking and chatting. A few words of explanation and down comes half the length of the front wall; the occupants of that section are shooed away, the floor is strewn with straw, and the garage is ready!

Miyajima to Mitajiri

May 12th.

DESPITE the unlikelihood of such advice being necessary to the average traveler and even though not strictly pertaining to motoring, as a conscientious chronicler, it must be noted that should you develop symptoms of an early demise, or should indications of a sudden increase in your family show themselves, be sure and keep away from Miyajima—both civil and religious laws absolutely forbid either births or deaths on this sacred spot.

The inhabitants, largely composed of fisher folk and woodcarvers—probably a thousand or more in all—have never, so they claim, once violated these laws. Birth control propagandists, please take notice! Sometimes nature plays scurvy tricks and if the tabooed horror should occur, woe be unto you! According to the church, these ordinarily normal events are not alone odiously impure, but transmit the impurity far beyond the person most intimately concerned—even to the most distant kinsfolk. For seventy-five days no relative may appear within the temple walls and for a somewhat lesser period not even pass beneath the consecrated gate giving entrance to the outer grounds—though, as is sometimes seen, they sneak around the gate and hop the fence without outraging the gods.

No one single spot in all Japan is perhaps so photographed, painted and sketched as is Miyajima. The Torii in front of the temple is the favorite motif. This peculiar gateway is formed of two upright and two horizontal beams, which according to vulgar account was originally a perch for the sacred fowl (*tori*-fowl and *i*-dwelling), but by the priests is accepted as a symbol of the right direction towards which the face should be turned—the way of the gods. The

temple itself, partly built on piles, over the sea, at high tide seems to float upon the surface of the water and on a moonless night, with the hundreds of lighted stone lanterns, nestling among the pines, has all the magic of a scene from fairyland.

The honorable automobile is found not to have suffered inward contamination from too close association with her humble tea-house neighbors, and so it takes but a moment to reach the "sandpapered" boulevard, the splendidly dyked road along the sea. The views over the water are, as always, superb, but one's eyes are kept from wandering by beauties nearer home. Every tiny bay, with crescent beach, sports a rest-inn close to the road, shielded from the burning sun by awnings of purple wisteria. One such awning covers an entire garden and halts us as its poetical signboard predicts: "Wisteria in flower, like some beautiful girl in the fullness of youthful bloom, turns all heads; yea, holds them spell-bound."

Off the main ocean road lies Iwakuni with its famous bridge of the Brocade Girdle, one of Japan's most interesting monuments of antiquity, built in the sixteen hundreds; a mass of pegs and crude joints—not a nail of metal in the entire length of 750 feet and as good today as when built.

Unless all signs fail, automobiles are complete strangers to this back country and one must proceed most gingerly to avoid doing damage. Women, balancing huge baskets atop their heads, stride along in the center of the road, oblivious to everything, accepting the Buddhist teaching that all things are foreordained. Some seemingly are skeptics, for they wear a dozen little squares of black plaster scattered over their forehead as a counter-irritant to headache; one with a plaster covering her entire cheek, an American plaster at that, as is seen by the advertisement still adhering to the outside, to which the woman apparently attributes some

miraculous healing power. In lieu of plasters a conical wad of mugwort is stuck on the aching spot, lit and allowed to cauterize the flesh. All this going to show that free agency has some adherents in this land of predestination.

Down to the sea again, over a winding stretch, close to the shore, carrying both the railroad and the ever excellent highway. Huge balls of green decorate many of the doorways, indicating that saki is on sale, presumably never having heard of Shakespeare and his immortal dictum that "Good wine needs no bush." The mosquitoes, breeding in the marsh close by, rather back up Shakespeare; for while buzzing in swarms about the car, they bite only the chauffeur, and he happens to be the only member of the party addicted to saki, making the guide's explanation that mosquitoes enjoy saki, rather plausible.

The cheery sun brings out the usual crowd; among them a barber, seated well towards the middle of the road, plying his trade, without regard to traffic regulations. Only the sun could have attracted him outside, for barbershops are exceedingly well equipped even in country villages, and remarkably sanitary, even when surrounded by the most unsanitary conditions. Japan is the only country in the world, so far as the writer knows, where science has forced barbers to relinquish their most cherished privilege. From time immemorial barbershops have been Exchanges, where scandal and gossip is bought and sold. Here the cutters of hair, by law, wear mouth coverings which prevent all conversation.

Mitajiri, the end of this day's run, comes into sight, a seaport very lovely to the eye, shut in by a drop-curtain of low, pine-clad hills, over which the smoke is lazily rising from many salt pans.

Mitajiri to Shimonoseki

May 13th.

IN the morning, the smoke from the salt pans, now hanging low across the beach, can still be seen. Almost the entire salt supply of Japan is obtained by the evaporation of salt water; and here at Mitajiri are hundreds of sea-salt gardens—nothing more than a layer of coarse sand, mixed with clay, thick enough to make it difficult for water to percolate through. The sea water is pumped into ditches, surrounding these sand beds, from which it soaks in and by attraction slowly reaches the surface, where the sun, drinking up the water, leaves the salt crystals mingled with the sand. Tons upon tons are necessary in the preparation of the cured and pickled food which plays so conspicuous a part in Japanese kitchens; though comparatively little is used in ordinary cooking and it never appears on the dining table as we are accustomed to see it. This, despite the usual liberality of the Japanese stomach, a catholicity of taste you would immediately grant, could you peep into the room where the guide and chauffeur squat before their morning meal. Huge bowls of scraped potatoes, thinned into a starchy mush, are licked up with a sucking sound reminiscent of Italians gulping down macaroni. Rice and pickles, soup with custard swiftly disappear, intermixed with copious drafts of tea, until one can almost imagine these human tanks to be swelling before one's very eyes. Inn menus are amazingly long, but of a curious sameness: ice-cold, raw fish or fish very slightly warmed and eaten with vinegar; hashed fish seasoned with saki—Japanese spirits; eels covered with sugar or boiled with lotus root; boiled rice wrapped in seaweed or pickled fish; rice and fish; fish and rice—in endless array. The same for breakfast, lunch and dinner.

With the help of chopsticks and fingers this stuff is soon pushed home and we are on our way. But within a mile the car stops, creakingly calling for Doctor Tinker. It would be a terrible shock to the chauffeur's Samurai pride if it were suggested that the time for inspection and repairs was in the late afternoon or evening; but with an optimism and fatalism so characteristic of the Japanese chauffeur, he always lets things slide until something breaks or until, for some reason, the car refuses to budge. The sudden rise of the chauffeur above others of the same class after years of oppression has bred a false pride and produced a type most difficult to handle. Nothing but honest rage plainly shown on the honorable face of their august master will have any effect.

An epidemic of whooping cough is abroad and all mothers have traced impressions of their children's hands on paper, and tacked them above the outer door in order to ward off the disease. How the charm works the oracle sayeth not; though it is publicly known that the talisman against smallpox is a photograph of the pock-marked face of a noted orator, the very sight of whose face with his eloquent and powerful tongue will overawe the smallpox god and drive him away.

A contented purr from the motor tells that once again the splendid sea-walled road is under wheel; now skirting the historic and beautiful Shimonoseki straits, separating Kyushu from the mainland. Just before the narrows a monument marks one of the greatest naval battles of the Middle Ages—the one in which the famous fighting clan of Haike was almost wiped out of existence, though the spirits of this drowned and slaughtered people, reincarnated, are believed to dwell in the giant crabs found here in abundance —and the shell does faintly resemble a human face twisted in agony.

The straits open out to form a harbor fronting the one single street, over two miles long, like all Japanese towns, "length without breadth."

This is the city of Shimonoseki, the western gate of the inland sea.

Shimonoseki to Nakatsu

May 20th.

MOJI, at the extreme tip of Kyushu, holds much the same relationship to Shimonoseki that Brooklyn does to New York; though while in the one case the separating water is a strait, in the other a river, both are about equal in width, taking nearly the same time to steam across. No flat Long Island greets you on the Moji side, but a towering mass of hills, crescent in outline, recalling some mighty stage, so theatrical is the setting and so pervaded with that air of mystery and novelty which surrounds the playhouses of man. It produces the same expectant excitement generally experienced just before making a first visit behind the "scenes"— and this expectancy is at once realized.

To avoid any delay, the motor-car had been shipped on ahead and the "commissary department" had also deemed it wiser to send food supplies in advance, so upon landing, the car is found waiting with everything apparently in readiness for an immediate start. But the crowd massed about the car, reaching way into the package office beyond, seems larger and of different temper than the usual good-natured throngs to which we are accustomed. What is wrong? The storm is not long in breaking. One member of the party was blessed with a sweet tooth and had insisted upon including among the stores two large cans of New Orleans molasses. The hamper in which the supplies were packed being handled as baggage, had been handled with the baggageman's accustomed gentleness and the cans had burst. Such of the molasses as is not still sticking to cigars, bread, crackers and basket sides, is oozing over the floor of the package office in rivers and rivulets. The boss of the

office apparently had studied the Parisian code which provides that when crossing a busy street if you are knocked down and run over, you pay a fine to the party running over you; for he demands damages and big ones.

Everyone, according to Japanese fashion, talks at once, and of course the louder the talker, the less personal interest in the row. It looks for a while as though we must settle down to a long afternoon session, until some bright soul happily suggests privacy, and discussion without an audience. Thereupon the manager is invited outside to the car and taken for a ride in hopes to cool the heated atmosphere. Most successful! He audibly chuckles with joy and pride. None of his friends has ever ridden in an automobile. On returning he struts through the still waiting mob with an added dignity, and the molasses incident is forgotten and forgiven; proving, if proof be needed, that the fume of gasoline is mightier than the breath of man.

It is piping hot, Kyushu being far warmer than the mainland, and the pine-arched road proves very welcome. Twentieth century thanks are breathed to fifteenth century *Daimyos* who with slave labor planted shade trees along all roads over which they had to travel. In the mind of the driver who approaches from around the corner the *Daimyos* must still live and still travel in old-time *Kagos;* certainly he has never seen one of our modern conveyances. He is frightened to death; his legs visibly tremble; his voice quavers; he throws an arm around the horse's neck, and the two shake in unison and sympathy. In sheer pity we shut off the motor and help him by.

Nakatsu is just around the corner.

Nakatsu to Beppu

May 21st.

NAKATSU is the starting point for excursions to the far-famed Yabakei Gorge—a little ten-mile jaunt, advertised by highly-colored panoramic folders, which signal the points of interest with flaming inscriptions, much in the same manner as a tripper's excursion on the Rhine. In a few years, probably, sightseeing busses will be rumbling through the country, and leather-lunged guides will be megaphoning near-English names. "Drunken Sage rock" and "Throwing Brush Peak" will then be hailed by "Ain't it grand!"

There are no houses here "to Japanese" the landscape and one may well be anywhere, except that hemp bushes and lacquer trees, should you happen to know them by sight, definitely exclude certain northern lands; while the beautiful natural tunnels through which the road winds suggest the Riviera and perhaps Algiers. The more deeply the gorge is explored the wilder becomes the scenery. It is Nature's temple, shaming the man-made shrines, stationed at every corner. Pillars of stone stand erect and unsupported like the Stonehenge of England—altars for the Sun worshippers, and grotesque rocks become gods before which the ungodly fall down. Marvel upon marvel tempt you onward; the very villagers dangling before your eyes a bait of yet more wonders—Shin-Yabakei (new Yabakei) they say is far finer. And the lure of the unknown proves too strong.

The intervening country, between old and new Yabakei, seems by contrast tame and mediocre, and soon murmurs are heard from the back seat, something that sounds like "all men are liars"; but we too have spoken in haste, for suddenly the scene shifts and fairy castles of stone take

form upon the mountain tops; fantastic rocks swing across space as though flying buttresses for some rude Gothic cathedral, and strangely-shaped peaks point heavenward, spire-like. Over all droops a brilliant foliage, softening and at the same time vivifying the picture.

In the Shin-Yabakei, the aneroid registers hardly 800 feet, but as we journey onward the needle keeps moving upward. The road, like some mighty serpent, squirms about the mountain; in its writhing, squeezes three thick folds one against the other, then ties into a knot and slinks through a dark tunnel, cut from solid rock. Here is the summit. But other summits lie ahead, where the road splendidly buttressed and well graded seems barely able to cling to the mountain slope, so precipitous and sheer is the fall, if one ventures to peer beyond the edge. Higher and higher mountains are beyond, with shadowy blue-haze peaks still further in the background. Surprisingly beautiful, as they rise tier upon tier.

These successive climbs fast drain the gasoline tank. Anxious inquiries are made at every village, but no gasoline is to be found in these out-of-the-way mountain towns. Necessity forces a mixture of kerosene with the rapidly diminishing gasoline supply. A second and even third drink being required merely to "splutter on." And then, as always, when least expected, the unexpected happens. A voice from this wilderness cries out:

"If honorably deign a minute wait, plenty not far can find."

What care we that "not far" proves to be three miles and one minute expands into sixty. All anxiety is over. In time the messenger reappears and with a happy satisfied smile thrusts into our outstretched hands eight small bottles of a gasoline cleaning fluid! With gloomy forebodings of acute indigestion these precious eight are poured into the

stomach of our thirsty steed, and a start is made. Much coaxing is needed. Again and again are we compelled to encouragingly scratch the head of the carburetor and coaxingly blow down the gasoline pipey throat. To such depths do we mentally fall that a runaway actually consoles us. The comforting companionship of another driver's misery cheers us up. Then of a sudden, for no apparent reason, the creep changes to a fast crawl. Gravity takes us in hand, and a very steep descent carries us rapidly to Oita Bay—and oceans of gasoline!

A cheery sign reads: "ALL SORTS OF YOUR-O-PAN GOODS," and American gasoline is included among "European" products.

Beppu to Saiki

May 23d.

BEPPU belongs to the Atlantic City species—a place of hotels, crowded throughout the year by hordes of seekers after health or merely pleasure. A city of a thousand baths. Perhaps more graphically described as the City of Birthday Clothes, where unadorned men, women and children wander from one bathing pavilion to another, in utter ignorance of such a personage as "Mother Grundy." The laws of Japan, to be sure, now prohibit mixed bathing under these conditions, so there are partitions between the men and women bathers—but these partitions are high or low open slat-work or solid planking, according to individual interpretation; and apparently there is no regulation preventing men, during the *entre acts* of the bathing hour, from strolling through the women's quarters. Certainly no objections are made to our photographic attempts and no effort to conceal or cover themselves is noticed in the case of either man or woman. The inevitable conclusion is that "to the pure all things are pure," and that the foreigner, accompanied by "hypocrisy," the handmaiden of civilization, is the serpent bringing knowledge into this Garden of Eden.

Many are the enclosed baths in the town proper; while on the open beach, during high tide, hundreds of bathers burrow themselves into the sand which, steam heated by volcanic fires from beneath and by the sun from above, is often their only covering. On the hills just behind the town, columns of steam rise high from vents between the rocks. Huge masses of sticky mud bubble and splutter with repellent sound. Boiling lakes pour streams of sizzling water into all the villages below, where they act the part of stoves

—the water is conveyed in conduits of stone covered by slabs to retain the heat, with openings in front of each house on which may usually be seen kettles of rice, merrily cooking. On these hills are baths for the duly initiated, who for hours can sit and smile in water which would boil a novice to lobster red; baths where they lie packed to the chin in clay, and baths where long lines wait their turn to creep into a sort of cave so low, one is forced to enter upon all fours. Here is "the very hell of waters, which howl and hiss"; but only one degree less in heat are the waters streaming from bamboo pipes under which stand the nude figures of men and women washing off the sticky slime still adhering from the tub.

The inn-keeper acted as cicerone during the morning's trip and was taking, as he confessed, his first automobile ride. To the query how he enjoyed it, he replies: "So good I can't paint it." A quaintly pretty word-picture, when one remembers that a brush is the Japanese pen; but then the Japanese language is largely one of imagery and the very writing a sort of word-picture. A crude example being the ideograph , meaning man—a skeleton figure with two legs, such as a child might draw.

At Oita, with the experiences of the day before in mind, many gallons of gasoline are stored away, and our own "inside machinery" provided for by a most substantial tiffen. The highway, bordered with delicate feathery bamboo, now lies among low-lying hills. Piles of loose earth are being transformed into high embankments; skeleton bridges are beginning to span the valleys; stations are taking form; in fact all the evidences of a railroad. Very soon even this untrodden shore will become tourist country with a certain loss of old-time charm. Later and for an hour or more the road clings closely to the Ono River, or one of her several offspring. At times level with the run-

ning water; more often two or three hundred feet above, with an abrupt fall to the river-bed below. With real reluctance one catches sight of Saiki, the stopping place for the night. It is four o'clock and to be first and alone in the tub we must hurry. Foolish prejudice leads us to prefer the water before the other guests have used it.

Saiki to Miyakonojo

May 24th.

IN the early morning, sheets of lazily drifting mist shroud the hills towards which we turn, quite blotting them from sight. On other heights long reaches of tinted vapor form into bands, draping the slopes or stretching from peak to peak, very like the strips of cotton one sees laid out for bleaching during the hot summer days. Just the sort of sky sketched in Japanese landscape picture books before the day of modern perspective.

Every road leading into town is crowded with children bound for school. All with square, squatty ink bottles tied to little fingers itching to write with foreign pen. No rising with the sun and walking miles for education in this land. Schoolhouses are close at hand and plentiful. Perhaps in no other country in the world is there a better primary school system where over 97% of all children attend school.

Soon one is far from railroads, far from cities or towns of size; at times well within forests so thick that the sun can pierce its way with difficulty. The only inhabitants are charcoal burners whose miserable huts and furnaces can be seen among the trees. The swiftly running river some hundred feet below provides for all transportation, making roads a useless luxury—ours for the moment is the kind probably in mind at the time the Japanese language came into being, when for a road was drawn the sign or ideograph of a head represented as running. In those days if a jungle was cleared sufficiently to allow you to see a pedestrian's head making through the brush at anything over a walk, it was considered an ideal highway.

At Nobeoka, however, by the way of compensation, you will be treated to a perfect turnpike along which you can "fly on high." If one could only actually fly, the sight of the bridgeless river, some miles ahead, would be less discouraging. Inquiry discloses the fact that a few days before, a little car belonging to the Prince of Miyakonojo had been ferried over, but that in crossing, the car was nearly "drowned." It is impossible for our big machine.

We sit down for a long discussion. A crowd collects, dubiously shaking its united head as we patiently point out various ways and means and cite other experiences in other places. Finally one sampan is brought, following by further discussion. A second sampan reluctantly appears. The two are fastened together with a rope of twisted bamboo. Planks are laid from them to the shore, and up we manage to go with a rush and a roar. The sampans sag ominously, shipping water, but happily right themselves in time, and off we paddle with fear in our hearts not dispelled by the hearty *banzais* of the friendly crowd.

A similar pow-wow is held on the landing side, for the bank is steep with no place to turn. The discussion, however, is cut short by backing up hill at a speed that causes gasps of astonishment, the oi-polloi not being accustomed to seeing steep hills treated so disrespectfully.

Save for the sudden and silent death of a rooster and two of his harem, nothing happens for miles. The inevitable runaways are now an old story and hardly count. But when a half-dead, sorry-looking nag suddenly comes to life with sufficient energy to tip over the even more sorry-looking toy coach to which he is hitched, while four other equally miserable looking affairs, lumbering in the wake, follow suit, even our jaded interest is aroused. Presto! Out of each of these tiny hives swarm a dozen human beings who with scared faces scuttle into hiding. Frightened drivers tremblingly unhitch the horses, leaving the stages

just where they are, as though no one else ever expected to use the road.

The fox gods are the buffons among Japanese deities, and according to common belief, are responsible for all tricks played on suffering humanity. To them is accredited the conception of the Basha whose pedigree reads "Out of barbarism by civilization"—with all the qualities of the first and only the form of the latter. Often seatless, always springless, inexpressibly uncomfortable, as many as possible are poked within to squat on the bumpy floor with heads resting on their neighbors' shoulders, in a hopeless abandon, almost funny—when viewed from the outside.

After waiting awhile for the Basha owners to reappear and pull the wagons to one side, we start to navigate as best we can, managing to sail around the danger points and drop anchor for the night at Miyakonojo.

Miyakonojo to Kagoshima

May 25th.

A SHARP patter of rain on the wooden amada drums the unmistakable refrain "There is no place like home"—bidding us remain indoors. Out of deference to our honorable sleep the neosans did not open the shutters and we turn over for another nap, a most unusual luxury in Japanese inns at this hour of the morning. So considerate did the inn-keeper show himself to foreigners' uncouth ways, it was for a moment believed that a bath in seclusion and privacy might be expected. But alas! no sooner in Paradise clothes, ready to take a plunge, than the door silently opens, admitting one of the *neosans*, who with as matter-of-fact an air as if tackling the Monday's wash, scrubbed and scoured the squirming victim. Then departs as silently as she had entered.

At the first sign of clearing, we sally forth, hoping for the best, but prepared for the worst. The paddy fields surrounding the town are eagerly sucking in their long-awaited drink and despite the downpour, are alive with work people. The hillsides are yellow with barley, ready to cut and the low-lying fields, now that the rain is here, must be plowed for a first seeding of rice. Up to their knees, oftentimes up to the thighs, men and women wallow in the mire, overturning the mushy earth in preparation for planting.

Splashing along, we send showers of dirty water in all directions—upon the women, with upturned kimonos, trudging homeward; upon the men in the fields below, whose faces are uplifted with curiosity. No resentment is shown. Will they change once the novelty of the strange vehicle wears off? Very slow they are to change, as is evi-

denced by those wicker cages hanging out-of-doors for a morning's airing. In each is a rooster, as carefully tended as the rarest songbird. They are Japanese alarm clocks, ordinarily hung at the window of a sleeping apartment, where the rooster, as the world over, signals the daylight —the rising hour among these work people.

The road skirts the sea, opening up truly magnificent views. In the immediate foreground bulks Sakura-jima, worn with age. An appetizing name that of Cherry Island, but a bitter mouthful it proved less than two years ago, when her supposedly extinct volcano treated Kagoshima to a lurid display arranged and directed by the gods of Hell. Without warning the lid from that cauldron was lifted and the city opposite was bombarded with masses of rock and lava. On the ocean-bed, with fearsome and mighty labors was brought forth a baby islet, which thrusts its head from out the open sea, moves over to the shelter of the mother-island and today, as we look across, still smokes and hisses in the afterbirth of this fiery travail. The rain still continues, making the inn at the end of the street look most enticing.

We hesitate—and follow the path of all who hesitate.

Kagoshima to Takeo

May 26th.

IN JAPAN one need never travel merely to find scenic beauty. Nature there is nearly everywhere beautiful. But to find broad and clean city streets, so distinctive a feature of Kagoshima, one must wander afar and in this center of old Japan, in this city of graves and memories, where the last stand was made against foreigners and foreign ways, modern sanitary streets are especially noteworthy. The Satsuma Daimyos, always a powerful clan, despite the rebellion, still occupy the most important military and civil posts, and are bringing modern thought to old Japan. As yet they have just scratched the surface. Around the corner from the main street one can hear the plaintive twang of the samisen, the swish of silken kimonos and the soft pit-pat of tabi-shod feet—a most Oriental and to some very alluring White Light district. But in this, Kagoshima only follows the example of the largest and most important city of the empire. There, the "City of Night" contains, shut up within its palisaded walls, many thousands of shop-keepers, restaurateurs, bath-women, hairdressers, entertainers, masseurs, theatre and tea house helpers merely to minister to the wants and demands of the Priestesses of Love—six thousand of them alone. At the entrance to the walled city, the ground rises slightly, and is known as "Dress Hill," so called because one is supposed to spruce up a bit before calling on his ladylove. Close to the entrance is a Shinto shrine where the Greek god Eros, of course dressed in Japanese clothes and name, awaits a moment's devotion from those intending to worship at shrines within. The gateway is guarded. None living within may go outside, without permission. But once inside no section

of the city is cleaner and outwardly more decorous. Perfect order is kept and to one ignorant of what lies behind the scenes, it has all the appearance of some gay bazaar in festival array. At nightfall the streets are thronged with men, women and even children—soldiers on leave; students pleasure-bound; country folk, sightseers and tourists led by curiosity.

This improper town is much more solidly and substantially built than the town proper. In the main the buildings are big, warehousey looking affairs, commercial in type to house commercialized vice. Exteriorly plain, except for the balconies, hung with lanterns, they exhibit an unusual luxury within. Real flowers cover the ceilings, bronze, beautiful lacquer and the rarest of native woods are everywhere. While exquisite gardens with all the dainty furnishings that appeal to the most cultivated Japanese taste are adjuncts to every ground-floor room. Except for a soft lapping of water in the garden fountains and a muffled thrum from silken-corded drums, not a sound is to be heard.

To gain entrance one passes through a lobby where hang photographs of the sirens within, the same as a theatre advertising its famous players. Even the box office with ticket sellers is there and every purchaser of a ticket must fill out a descriptive blank for police use. Second-class "bazaars" have shop windows dressed with the living merchandise for sale. These are barred cages, deep and wide, where sit the "night cherries" in gorgeous costumes of silk and satin brocades, heavy with gold and silver. Some in the fashion of bygone days, others in modern purples richly enbroidered with red lobsters, giving significant point to the name of Lobster Palace. Black-eyed and white-enameled, their hair thick with coral combs, they kneel, immovable as wax figures, before some wonderful dead-gold screen, with mirrors on either side, reflecting every line of the figure; but except for that not the slightest display of physical

charm. It is reported that this one big city stockade counts over three million house visitors annually.

Rough-stone bridges, moss-covered and century-worn, carry one out of the town. Kyushu's smaller bridges are universally built of stone, of Chinese design with circular arches, lending flavor to the landscape. Built ages ago they show every indication of lasting for ages to come, putting modern bridges to shame. Modernism, so far, has failed to get this old country into its grip and old customs are still in force and difficult to eradicate. Despite local regulations and imperial proclamations, the farmer clings tenaciously to the old way of reckoning time. To be sure, he keeps in touch with the rest of the world in social matters by having two New Years as well as two of all the other festival days; but he plants and reaps by the old calendar, and today for him is April, though May in Tokyo. With him as well, ancestral worship and filial piety are not just lipwords, but living realities. They tell of a man of seventy who dressed in bright clothes, indicating childhood, plays on the floor so that his parents of ninety may be deceived into thinking that they are still young. Black, the only color that endures, indicates constancy, and the married women of this back country blacken their teeth in notice to the world that they have bowed their heads to the yoke of matrimony, and yoke to them has a real significance, harnessed as they are, almost daily, alongside cows and bullocks.

We linger at Hakota just long enough to inspect their famous obi silks which so well reveal the poetic nature of the people. These fabrics have patterns actually imitating the shimmer of frost crystals and moon-light waters ruffled by breezes—a splendid effort to snatch those intangible beauties and permanently fix them in woven form. Is it any wonder that at Yatushiro, in whose bay that marvelous phosphorescent *ignis fatuus* appears, that the poets weave

fairy tales of sea-god fireworks? Oftentimes a single ball of fire rises perpendicularly from the surface to a height of sixty feet, at others, a line of small, pale red globes drift up and down with the tide. How much more beautiful the fairy-god interpretation than the trite and scientific statement that it is light emitted from some unknown animalculæ. And the Japanese may be right—who knows!

Takeo to Shimonoseki

May 29th.

TAKEO more nearly approaches one's preconceived notion of old Japan than any city yet visited. Seemingly unbound by the conventions recently put into force; more accurately, perhaps, never permitting herself to be tied by them, she offers a natural expression of Japanese life. It is a city of pleasure, where the young blades of the country come to have their fling. A favorite resort of officers who throw off, with uniforms, the seriousness of their calling.

The hot spring baths, nominally for the sick and weary, are filled for the most part by the strong and lusty. There are curtained baths for two, where one may disport in complete privacy and where, incidentally, the two are seldom of the same sex. There are larger baths, where five or six geisha-nymphs frolic and splash to the enjoyment of their male companions. There are huge affairs accommodating thirty, forty and more, all filled from early morning till late at night, offering a ceaseless round of pleasure.

Playing spectator for a time, the writer, with a *yukata* as his sole covering (a cotton kimono furnished by Japanese hotels to male guests), ventures out to join the crowd. A neosan pilots him across the open square to the baths beyond. All men being in the same scanty attire, the feeling of self-consciousness is somewhat lessened, but does not prevent many a furtive attempt to pull together the gaping garment.

A special bath has been ordered in an effort to escape parboiling, for the water ordinarily comes direct from the steaming springs above and registers a temperature as high as 120° Fahrenheit. To go to the bath one first passes

through an anteroom, supposedly for undressing (if one can be considered dressed with a single thin cotton kimono), then down a short flight of steps leading to the sunken tub, in this instance, built of white stone, the surrounding flooring of colored tile. One entire side of the room is open, looking out into a dainty little Japanese garden with fountains, stone lanterns, dwarf pines and all the favorite decorations; making what the penny novelist would be apt to term a Sylvan retreat. But it proved anything but a retreat, for here the story of Susanna at the Bath was enacted once again. To be sure, a Japanese topsy-turvy version. As the bearded elder, not Susanna, sat in the bath; while Susanna—several Susannas, in fact—spied from the half-protection of the pines in the garden beyond.

Little rest is permitted this night. The hotel guests came to enjoy themselves; and enjoy themselves they do. Their motto being "Let us sing and be merry, for tomorrow we sleep." But the morrow for us holds a hundred-mile run back to Moji, and it is necessary to drag oneself from inviting *futons* just when quiet really commences to reign.

The baths are again the drawing card, and in the early morning hours offer a spectacle, as far removed from that of late yesterday as are the hours of the day itself. "The Sun's yellow rim is just coming into sight" as bathers, with only narrow cloths wrapped about their loins, run into the open. They turn their faces to the East, clap their hands four times and pray; then turn to the West and successively to the other two points of the compass, chanting the names of the Shi-Tenno—guardians of each quarter of the horizon. In memory it carried us back to far-away Biskra, where on a similar early morning we had seen four hundred Arabs bending as one before the self-same Sun—Mohammedans and Shintoists in the self-same worship.

Hardly a hundred feet away, on a little knoll overlooking the bathing quarters, seated on a many-petaled lotus, is

Buddha, with the ever gentle smile. Not so gentle look the guardian lions. The male with open snarling jaws; the female with tightly compressed lips, eternally silent—so unlike her sex, as we know her in the West. Buddha's face bears the serenity of one who has dipped deep into the mysteries of life and cares little that his followers for the moment kneel to other gods. For soon they will come back. In this strange land all are Shintoists as well as Buddhists.

An impatient toot from the waiting motor awakens us from daydreams, and a narrow road soon bumps us back to realities. Narrow in the open and yet narrower in the built-up sections. One is forever backing and scraping through innumerable villages. In one street all the tiles of the low, overhanging roof are carried away as mementoes. Everybody laughs except the owner of the tiles, and he in hopeless minority doesn't count. Strange characteristic this. Misfortune of any kind, physical or mental, seems always to excite mirth among the "people." Sympathy and understanding come with a high degree of civilization and the Japanese, despite wonderful improvement and marvelous progress, remain in the mass a primitive people. At least this seems the only gracious explanation; for in all other directions a more kindly people could hardly be found. Nothing is too much trouble, and help is always proffered with a cheery smile that but increases the obligation.

Here comes the parting of the ways. Is it to be the long, level road around, or the short cut over the hills? The short cut carries the day, and a well-built road twisting in picturesque curves up the mountain seems to endorse that decision. But first impressions prove sadly deceptive. Half-way up, the road builders have abandoned work and the modern highway degenerates into a mountain trail—a steep trail at that. Up we dash, rocking and swaying as if in the

trough of the sea, and like the leviathan of the great deep, we "blow" until the radiator runs dry. The descent is even worse. In the language of the interpreter it is one grand place for "punks" (punctures). Stones two and three inches high are the foundation of this speedway, and the grade is so sharp that in spite of brakes the pace is furious. Down we tear until meeting the road builders, who are now tackling the further side of the mountain and have just made ready a goodly-sized excavation. The invitation is accepted and in we plunge. Upon taking inventory no damage has been done except to nerves, and this promptly responds to a dose of hip-pocket tonic.

Back once more in Moji, we make for the wharf where the ferry boat, seemingly awaiting our coming, is filled with passengers, but the roar of the motor is a signal for disembarkment. All rush off and on the request to be ferried over, even the deck hands, the pilot, the captain and the engineers desert the ship, gathering about us for a pow-wow. We try to board the ferry and get jammed in the passageway—half on and half off. The ferryboat, alas, is built on small, Japanese lines. So to a musical accompaniment of shrieks and yells, we are pried out and half an hour behind schedule time the boat pulls away, leaving the motor on the wharf, chugging disconsolately.

Shimonoseki to Hagi

June 1st.

THE regular ferry having failed, we are reduced to "watchful waiting" and that proves as long and wearisome as when the historic phrase was first coined. Forty-eight hours to bring a car over the mile-wide strait separating Moji from Shimonoseki is absurd—but explainable. A spirit of American unrest, not yet put to sleep, had prodded the chauffeur to such unheard of drives as to cause him to miss his three o'clock bath and siesta, the regular daily programme of all well conducted Japanese. Posing as a much abused and very weary chauffeur he perhaps saw his opportunity to rest and grabbed it; or else it may have been only another example of the deeply-rooted "day-after-tomorrow" habit. To term the Japanese lazy may be all too sweeping an assertion, but certainly they never seem to do today what they can possibly do tomorrow —or better still, day after tomorrow. Procrastination in the Occident has hitherto been typified by the Spanish "mañana," but the palm rightfully belongs to the Japanese "*miogonichi*."

Confucius says that with patience there is a happy ending to all things, and bearing him out we are at last seated in the old familiar places with Shimonoseki fast losing herself in the distance. We neglect in our eagerness to get away to make the usual inquiries and, of course, take the wrong road. The right one finds us playing rear guard to a long line of troops, where the only response to an impatient toot is a warning hand, though a petty officer leisurely jogs ahead, presumably to report that some importunate foreigners are making a disturbance at the rear. Hours—it may have been only the

half of one—and a sharp command rings out. The troops pull to one side. A condescending wave of the hand beckons us to come along and hurry up about it! So like Germany where, too, militarism reigns supreme, and where officers hold the sidewalk and civilians take to the ditch.

On this sea coast, with none but sailors and fisherfolk, as usual, superstitious and receptive to priestly guidance, the sight of two holy rocks joined by the Shinto rope of twisted straw—the *shimenawa*—is not surprising. Just as the different strata of air through which one passes, now warm, now cold, so it is with the outward and visible evidences of religious expression. At times there is not a wayside shrine, not a temple, nothing to indicate reliance on other than material gods. At others, a wealth of both.

Certainly Japan needs a St. Patrick, if today is a gauge for other days. Dozens of snakes lie coiled in the middle of the road, some stretched way across like so many lengths of hose. Over them we hurriedly squash with a sinking sensation in the lower regions, and to the openly expressed disgust of the guide who declares we are spoiling them; we "ought first to take off the bark for belts!"

A month later, tramping the hills, we see the "bark" stripped off, though not for belts. Clutched just below the head, Mr. Snake is slit open with one stroke, and while still beating, his heart is dragged out and popped into the guide's watery mouth, with a gurgle of joy. He is now assured of strength and super-courage for a year to come. Among the earliest of warring people the heart was always accounted the most desirable part of a dead enemy, and acquired a mystery accepted today in old Japan.

With which bit of wisdom we make our entrance into Hagi.

Hagi to Hamada

June 2d.

AT Hagi the houses crowd down to the water's edge, on both sides of a narrow inlet, through which the Japan sea ebbs and flows to form a snug little harbor, where many junks are tugging at anchor chains. A most peaceful scene in which even the searching sun can ferret out no ugly feature. It is truly a heavenly day, the deep blue of the water rivaled only by the perfect blue of the sky. Nature is in her fairest mood and all that day we keep in close commune with Nature, well away from the dwelling place of man.

The road is one of continual ups and downs; for a while beneath the shadow of thick pines, and again between cuttings of solid rock, rearing high on either side. Through natural openings in the cliffs to seaward, glimpses are caught of fishing hamlets, nestling in the folds of hills, which reach down to the water's edge, to be rent and torn by the angry seas. Solitary islets, like sentinel outposts, guard the harbor. Upon them even at this distance can be distinguished the Torii, flaring a blazing red under the setting sun. These mark the entrance to Shinto shrines, at which the fishermen, outward bound, pause for blessings on the catch, and on the homeward journey to make thank offerings.

Close inshore are rocky points, crowned with twisted gnarled pines, gripping the naked stone at every crevice, with scarcely a handful of soil visible. The pine and not the cherry should represent the national spirit, tenaciously clinging to life against these fearful odds of storm and sea.

On the slopes, peasants are working small patches recently snatched from the wilderness of hillside — men, women and children harvesting barley to make way for the

rice. In the same field, some are pulling the grain through combs of steel; some are threshing with flails; others winnowing in early Biblical fashion.

All too soon we roll into Hamada at the end of a perfect day.

Hamada to Matsue

June 3d.

THE Gatsugawa is crossed by a bridge so frail that it shakes under even a passing 'ricksha. Suzuki, the chauffeur, shuts his eyes fatalistically and rushes over; we ignominiously trail behind, on foot. But this gives a chance to inspect the school house on the other side, where the yard is filled with young students, some not more than eight years of age, all drawn up in military order, drilling under a petty officer of the regular army. At the command "forward march" one sees reproduced, the famous Goose Step of Unter den Linden. And when you realize that this is going on in 35,000 schools, every day, you begin to appreciate Japan's enormous drilling machine, and that her reserve strength is much greater than ever acknowledged. While nominally at war with Germany, Japan reveres her as the personification of force; accepts her as a model; patterns after her, not alone the army, where every officer is fashioned on German lines, but the police force and Parliament, as well.

The actual approach to the temple of Izumo is through a mile-long archway of thousand-year-old pines, and under gigantic metal torii too huge to fall within the focus of an ordinary camera. Across an outlying building is strung an immense *Shimenawa*, the same, it is suggested, as the rope of bleached hemp conferred on champion wrestlers, and wound about their protruding bellies. For, in the time of the early emperors (legend says, before Christ), wrestling was somewhat under priestly guidance, and the main arena to-day is situated within the temple of Eko-In at Tokyo. Properly it can be called the national game, and certainly it is a characteristic sight—a Japanese wrestler

being as unmistakable as a bull fighter in some Spanish country. These wrestlers are mountains of fat and muscle, devouring three and four times as much food as the ordinary native, and sousing themselves with *sake*, impossible for the average man—altogether upsetting your preconceived notions of training.

In the middle of a wrestling arena, raised above the surrounding earth, is a sandy ring encircled by rice-straw bales. Close at hand are pails of water, paper and salt. The audience assembled, a herald announces the names of the first two wrestlers. Perfectly naked, except for loin clothes, they step into the arena, sprinkle a pinch of salt as a sign that they harbor no malice; stamp and posture a few times in order to get their muscles into action, and then sit on their heels like a couple of fighting cocks, clapping their hands together to signify that they are ready. A false start is usually made, and both leave the ring for a gulp of water from the pail and another pinch of salt. Time and again this happens, oftentimes in the hope of wearing out or discouraging a nervous antagonist. Suddenly the signal is given, and they spring at each other amid thunderous applause. They push, and pull, and squeeze, and groan, until one is either thrown out of the ring, or touches his hands or knees to the earth. Some win by a quick spring, others through sheer weight. The vanquished slinks away, while the winner bows low to a din of applause, gathering in the money, jewelry and keepsakes of various kinds, flung into the ring by admiring followers.

To the request for permission to view even from a distance the inner temple, much reluctance is shown, and only upon agreeing to take part in a service of purification is consent granted. Our names, place of residence and station in life are all carefully noted. To what lofty position in the social world the interpreter-guide may have lifted us,

cannot here be recorded, but the attendants bow, much lower than before, with covetous smiles auguring ill to pocketbooks. When places, sufficiently removed to prevent contamination, are assigned, a priest wearing a blue robe with an overgarment of dull green advances from an inner chamber. Gravely bowing he mounts the altar steps, prostrates himself several times and begins intoning a lengthy description of the suppliant foreigners. As the long phrases voiced in rich bass roll through the temple, punctuated by shrill notes from flute and reed, there is born an exalted idea of one's own importance, even though the service entreats the gods to cast out the impure spirits from the heathen foreigner so that he may look upon the sanctuary without defiling it!

The Lady, with her usual respect and broad sympathy for all religious services, is reverently kneeling, while the rest are slouching on the floor. At the end of the prayer the priest approaches, carrying a long wand from which fall pure-white streamers. It is no trick of the imagination that in exorcising the evil foreign spirits, he waves this wand very gently over the Lady's head, while shaking it viciously over the heads of the others.

The second act of the ceremony brings out a young girl dressed in a priestess's robe of white, which sweeps the ground, without hiding the red garment beneath. She approaches the altar with slow, measured tread to an accompaniment of music as primitive as the dance itself. She circles about first to the left, then to the right, her feet barely raised from the floor. As she glides about, she ceaselessly shakes the mystic *souza*, a gold-tipped rod, with streamers of purple, white, yellow and red.

At last we are supposedly in a fit state to enter within the gates, through the eight-legged doorway in the double fence surrounding the shrine—but "there is nothing to see, and you are not allowed to see that!"

延命地蔵菩薩

Matsue to Tottori

June 4th.

SAN-IN-DO—"Shady Road"—certainly belies its name today. Gloomy, cloudy skies and heavy winds may be the Winter characteristics, but this is June and the bright sun blazes its way through even the thick pines lining the road. So straight and level it runs, that for half a mile or more the most casual backward glance will seize the Buddhist temple high on the hill behind, etched in dark lines against a pale blue sky. Buddhists, like their Christian confrères in Europe, are fond of placing their religious houses in beautiful, retired and lofty spots. This particular temple is the final resort of the blind, and in this land of quacks and nostrums there is much suffering from eye trouble. On entering, the usual Buddhist insignia of candelabra and burning incense look familiar, and when taken together with the votive offerings and the genuflections before the god of eyesight, it is easy to imagine oneself in some Roman church. But the Japanese are fervent, if careless worshippers, and these same Buddhists will be seen in crowds later in the day, before some Shinto shrine, tugging at a huge rope and bell, pounding their woes into the sympathetic ear of another, much worried, god.

The heat grows in intensity even as one approaches the sea, and one is always approaching the sea in Japan, where there is one mile of coast line to every three of area, and where fishing gives occupation to almost 15% of the total population. Japanese are fish eaters by inclination and by religious training, though unlike the salmon fishers of Alaska, who "eat what they can and can what they can't," they use the surplus fish as fertilizer, and no farm land in

the world is better fertilized. These fish are laid out on straw mats, to be sun-dried—in such thick layers and over so much space, they have to be turned with rakes. If your nose did not tell differently you would think everybody was haymaking.

The heat peels off even the scanty clothing usually worn in country districts, and we journey through a land of Adams and Eves, necessitating a shift to smoked glasses. Many of them are lolling indoors. The heat may be an explanation, but again it may be vacation; for the Japanese idea of holidaying is lying about on matted floors, watching fireflies; topping it off with a leisurely saunter to the beach after sunset.

Tottori to Miyazu

June 5th.

THE printed statistics on Tottori, giving imports, exports and manufactured products, fail to make mention of rat breeding, though enormous shipments of cuttle fish to China suggest a possible contraband trade in this other Chinese delicacy. With true instinct for comfort, the guide chose, as stopping place for the night, the very centre of this peculiar industry; a spot that would have brought joy to the heart of the Pied Piper of Hamelin. To us it taught the lesson that while sleeping on the floor has its charms and advantages, a European bed on stilts is highly desirable at a rat farm. Once having exhausted the supply of loose and throwable articles, one is forced to beat the floor with feet and hands to prevent too intimate an association.

Everything goes wrong here. Even the food for our much-abused automobile was not sufficiently nourishing either in quantity or quality. In the picturesque parlance of the interpreter: "She had only fried oil and next-door gasoline," which, translated into idiomatic English, means that there is no mobile oil to be had, so kitchen frying oil is substituted; and that all the gasoline in Tottori is of so low a proof that by courtesy alone can it be called a distant relative of the Petroleum family. So commenced a day of ascents and accidents.

The mountains of Japan which sprawl over fully three-fourths of the entire land surface, in this region run in the general direction of East and West. In our wisdom we elected to go North and South, so no soothsayer is needed to foretell what lies in store.

The first mountain pass—Gamotoge—is not more than 1,100 feet high, but it takes the whole 1,100 in just four jumps. And hardly down Gamo before the ascent of Haruki is commenced. The road here, curiously enough, shows just the opposite tendency to that of Gamo, seeming reluctant to reach the top, always sneaking around rather than up, with countless bends—thirty-seven is believed to be the number.

Fighting upward in the wake of an odor of bad cooking—one of the by-products of our "fried oil," is decidedly hot work under the late morning sun, and taking the downward path with something of a rush, in hopes of a cooling breeze, we barely escape running down a band of children. So frightened, they all jump into the brook paralleling the road, and despite their scared faces and bedraggled kimonos, one almost envies them the cooling plunge. Stopping, of course, a few polite questions à la Japonaise are asked: their names, their father's occupations, how much they are worth, their ages. Age in Japan, by the way, is somewhat confusing to a foreigner. A child born, say, on the 30th of December, is at its birth, one year old, and on the following January 1, by Japanese count, is two years old.

Modern girls do not take kindly to this method of reckoning.

Miyazu to Kyoto

June 6th.

SCREENED from common mortals by the clouds of the mythical past, the legendary ancestors of the Japanese race, through priestly revelation, are shown to mankind as two gods—Izanagi and Izanami—standing on the floating Bridge of Heaven. With truer instincts than the primitives of the West, the Japanese turned to nature rather than art for some conception of what the Bridge of Heaven might truly be, and to this day they believe they found it at Amanohashidate, as the name implies. That to most perfectly create the illusion one must bend way forward and get the view from between one's legs, in no way seems to detract from any spirit of reverence. Matanozoki—viewing from between the thighs—is a favorite sport in the neighborhood. What immediately interests us is that this very sketchy and fugitive image of a deified bridge has apparently had a marked influence upon the bridges which humans must use, based, some one suggests, on the philosophy which teaches the impermanency of all worldly things and the futility of waging war on elements under the control of some deity not to be trifled with.

The waterfront is almost hidden behind curtains of drying nets, with a forest of masts in the further background. The lovely coast makes strong appeal and one would gladly linger to sketch or at the least make snapshots—but bottle up and cork well any such artistic leaning, "else the bogeyman will git you," and it would be no child's play to be caught in this naval zone. Anything touching the military at once dries up all Japanese milk of human kindness.

It looks much as though we were passing through a country recently visited by a locust pest. Nearly every tree is as completely bare of leaves as when stripped by Winter's hand—the mulberry leaves have all been picked, and upon them silkworms are taking their final meal before sinking into a chrysalis sleep. At that time every house is hushed, silkworms being easily disturbed. Loud voices, angry words cause them to shrivel up and die!

Now the whirr of the primitive silk reel is beginning to be heard. The morning's chores finished, every woman squats before this quaint machine, unchanged by the march of civilization. By her side is a tub of boiling water where float the cocoons, which the grubs have spun for themselves and which the women are trying to unspin.

We wind alongside the Hozugawa, narrow and shallow today, but when the *Nyūbai* comes, now almost due, it will plunge and roar through the rocky defile. Groups of tea houses line the banks, with projecting platforms and balconies, the favorite summer resorts of the city folk. This marks the edge of the plain upon which Kyoto stands.

Tokyo to Tuchiura

August 7th.

OF course we should have left Tokyo early, but in accordance with Japanese custom, lingered about till late in the morning, restlessly marking time, waiting for that mysterious and convenient something with which this country always explains an unexplainable delay. The steam gauge of impatience keeps mounting until finally an explosion occurs, causing a wild commotion that merely results in the waste of haste.

Both guide and chauffeur sulk under the rhetoric with which we smite them—never uttering a sound. But finally the interpreter in a reproachful tone says:

"Maybe not correct to speak master from my mouth, but haste-make does not always get there." A principle which plays a most important rôle in Japanese wisdom.

Uncertain as to the road, a stop is made at the first police box for information, where we are dumbfounded to learn that it is entirely too narrow for automobiles. With visions of other narrow roads successfully negotiated, we enquire how narrow. "Less than eight feet, and the law says all roads used by automobiles must be eight feet." After considerable palaver it is intimated that for a consideration special licenses can be obtained. Where? Right here! A few strokes of the paint brush and a big red seal, give us the right of way. No one challenges us and it is more than doubtful if anyone ever would.

From outward indications the outlying villages are all devoting themselves to the making of rice cakes. Mats covered with the drying cakes lie close to the road, just where they can best accumulate the largest amount of dust from the passing traffic. Perhaps the Tokyites find it improves the

flavor, just as the man accustomed to germ-laden well water, when given pure spring water, refused to drink it, as it had no taste!

Most of the crops are guarded by prayers inscribed on red cloths attached to cords stretched across and oftentimes completely around the fields, suggesting to the unbeliever so many winter flannels on wash day. To those unbelievers the efficacy of course lies in the scarecrow red —but such harmless superstitions are not to be scoffed at, and the poetical side of the superstitions should appeal. Those young bamboos, planted in front of nearly every house and now hung with needles, thread, and five different colors of cloth, are the boy and girl prayers to the star gods.

Once upon a time a youthful cow herder, Altair, was wandering by the side of the Heavenly River—the Milky Way—tending his flocks. Happening to look across, he espies the weaver-maid, Vega, busy at her looms. She responds to his ardent glances by raising her head, and at first sight they fall in love. But what are they to do? The river is wide and they cannot cross; so they pray for help, and now, on the seventh day of the seventh month of each year, they are able to meet by the aid of a bridge of birds which spans the Milky Way for this one day. In this manner all young boys and girls are taught to pray and implore their help on this happy day, certain that in return for the blessing granted them, these immortals will bestow favors upon less favored mortals.

At Tiffin the customary curious crowd quickly assembles, but it differs greatly both in type and quality from the crowds hitherto seen. These people are poorer, more barbaric, if you will. Many of the men have their hair dressed in ancient style, while most of the women are without eyebrows. Another ancient custom, according to the guide,

who says: "On marrying, husbands have one of her 'eye-winkers' and she, the other—making her undesired by other men."

The road is hub-deep with water, increasing in depth as it approaches the river. How lucky are the Japanese who can drop their wooden *geta* with one kick, tuck up their kimonos and wade through water up to the waist without a second's hesitation, while we starched, overdressed Europeans have to unlace shoes, pull off stockings, trousers and underwear, to reach the same happy state! It takes a small army of coolies to push us astride a single rickety sampan where we teeter back and forth until the master of the car looks as though about to have apoplexy. The river is high from torrential rains, and the crossing eats up more than an hour and a half, making it so late that, on arriving at the little town of Tuchiura, even though by rail only forty miles from Tokyo, "Far enough" is the vote.

Tuchiura to Oodari

August 8th.

IN the deep lagoon, splaying from the outskirts of Tuchiura almost to the sea, many pearls are to be found, causing the authorities to consider the possibility of duplicating there, the famous fisheries of Toba, where the pearl oysters are planted and harvested by women—for women. The spawn through process of nature is first moored to flat stones, laid down along shore for that purpose, and when the shell begins to form, is by several stages transferred to the proper depth of water, and of the right temperature. A tiny round, foreign substance, generally of nacre, is introduced within the shell, pushed into the living organism as deeply as possible without harm, where it acts as an irritant and causes the bivalve to secrete about the offending particle, protecting layers of pearly matter. In from four to five years these oysters are ripe for bringing to the surface, bearing man-made pearls, having all the satiny lustre of Nature's best work.

The divers are invariably women, trained to remain under water from two to three minutes at a time. Big Amazonian creatures, with hair rusted by the action of the salt, they thrash about the water apparently as much at home as the inhabitants of the sea themselves. You hear a shrill, whistling sound—a sharp intaking of breath; then a gurgle, and they disappear. A small round tub attached to the waist by a long flexible cord marks the dive, like some floating buoy, and is the receptacle into which the oysters are dumped, when the women again come to the surface. Anything but fair, either in face or form, these women are

still the choicest matrimonial prizes of the neighborhood, having "all the beauty that wealth e'er gave," earning higher wages than all other workers of their sex.

Today the heat is intense, with a peculiar, oppressive quality never before experienced. There is a foreboding calm in the air, the disquieting hush just before an electrical outburst. But once on the broad Mitokaido, bordered on either side by beautiful old pines, all premonition of impending disaster is nearly blown away. Some of these pines are actually tottering with age, and would have fallen, had not Nature-loving hands propped them up with wooden sticks, giving force to some one's description of "pines on crutches." The country is flat and marshy, the natural home of the lotus, growing here in abundance. The petals invariably close during the overpowering heat of an August noon day, but in the early morning or the late afternoon the ponds are ablaze with their stately beauty. Lotus is to Buddhists what lilies are to Christians and growing out of muddy, stagnant water, symbolize Buddhism in the midst of a sinful world. The practical-minded people hereabouts, however, are not troubling themselves over these religious symbolisms, but rather as to just the exact moment when they will be most edible—the roots, the flowers and the seeds all being eaten.

A slight incline, by courtesy termed a hill, rises from the plain. On its crest stands the castle of the Lord of Mito overlooking the lower town. To vie with this feudal height the new democracy have built a regular skyscraper—three stories high! The lunch hour having struck, Jinya, the guide, by now accepting, if not understanding our absurd preference for fresh air and light, leads us to the top of this architectural wonder and waves to the salaaming *neosans* to open up the entire floor. Impressed by this evidence of magnificence, the "*neosans* compete with one another to minister

to our wants with an absence of shyness that could favorably compare with Mahommet's idea of Paradise."

Quite forgotten by now are the presentiments of the morning, though the atmosphere is still weighted with an exceptional heaviness. Lulled into a half doze by the heat and the entertainment, we feel as though being rocked to sleep—the side walls seem to wave, and as they balance back and forth, gain an ever-increasing momentum, until we find ourselves slipping on the floor from side to side. Wild shrieks come from the streets below, and crawling to the windows we see the people scurrying from every doorway, and scampering for the open. At last it dawns upon us that this is an earthquake, viewed from the highest point of the highest building in all Mito; and with one accord we dash to the stairway, now swaying like the pendulum of a clock, and slide down in record time. Officially this earthquake lasted five minutes. We tell a newspaper reporter, twenty-five!

It takes but a moment to decide to move on to Oodori, only three *ri* away, but on the sea and so somewhat removed from the sphere of earthquakes. Within an hour we are settled there for the night.

Oodori to Yumato

August 9th.

TO be absolutely frank, Oodori is not merely a harbor for those fleeing from earthquakes. It is rather a port for the wanderer from the straight and narrow path who, for one reason or another, prefers to hide his movements in secrecy. Everybody seems to be having a very enjoyable time with all the refinements for which the ancient culture of Japan is celebrated. In an adjoining room are many geishas, who in excellent voice, according to Japanese viewpoint, are trying to enliven the monotony of life. To our earthquake-racked nerves it sounds rather like a serenade of tomcats; our mood being keyed more nearly to that of an old gentleman immediately below, who is droning fervent prayers in expiation of his sins—from all indications, very recently committed.

Sleep is impossible, so we add our quota to the general din and for hours, Turkish fashion, sit on the floor with only the wall for a back rest, listening to the caterwauling of a blind celebrity, whose songs have the dash and "go" of one of Montmartre's famous Argot poets. They were said to be extremely naughty. Unfortunately we couldn't understand.

The aftermath of the earthquake is a violent thunderstorm, churning the sea into a spectacular display. White, froth-covered waves surge and break on the cliffs, hurling themselves against the rocky shore, with dismal sound. Every wire of the motor is soaked and as we wallow over the mirey road, frequent short-circuits furnish electrical exhibitions of our own.

The luncheon hour happily affords diversion—for others besides ourselves. Pulling up in front of a little inn, hidden away behind a high surrounding fence, we are at once escorted to the guest quarters on the second floor. Stiflingly hot, the paper shoji are thrown open, turning the secluded rooms into an open-air pavilion, open to the gaze of all passersby. The ordinary crowd, of course, is promptly on hand, but instead of dispersing as usual, its curiosity grows, and with it, grows the crowd. The streets on all four sides become packed with a sea of faces; boys shin up telegraph poles, while men and women climb the fence. Astraddle, they watch us with as much interest as the inhabitants of Lilliput must have watched Gulliver at his luncheon. For them it is a circus, and we the performers—wild animals being fed! It only needed peanuts to be thrown at us, to make the picture complete.

Somewhat later upon entering the fishing town of Yumato the shops are found ablaze with candles and in the windows are many straw and bamboo boats, which, at midnight on the fourth night of the Bon-o-dori, laden with presents and eatables, will be launched from the upper end of the harbor for the spirits to take passage back to the other world.

Yumato to Sendei

August 11th.

EVERYONE is making preparations for Bon-o-dori and at Taira only five miles away, where the old calendar is still in vogue, we are certain to see it in its one-time glory. This Bon-o-dori corresponds to All-Saints' Day, though here the spirits of the dead are actually supposed to revisit the scenes of their life upon earth, returning to their old haunts, where they may linger inside the wall-locked garden or pass within the house—unseen but all-seeing.

At dusk, countless sparkles, like so many fireflies, twinkle on the hillside, where the graves are being lighted with lanterns. In the streets below before each house a wooden pyre is blazing, with which to brighten the path for the coming spirits, lest they stumble. All houses, especially those visited by death within the year, are brilliantly illuminated, not a nook or corner left in shadow—oftentimes as many as eighty and even one hundred lanterns can be counted; the shoji being flung wide open for all to see within. Special prayers are being offered before memorial tablets, inscribed with spirit names, hung beside the family altar, placed in the best room of the house; on it is set a little Miya or Shinto shrine, made of pure white wood, without nails, where tea, rice-dumplings and other delicacies are served. The streets are congested with a merry-making throng, many in fancy dress—since every effort must be made to cheer the spirits of the recently departed who are not supposed to feel quite at home in their new surroundings.

The dances begin about nine. Young men and girls forming in rings, circle about, swaying and posturing to the

accompaniment of soft hand-clapping and a monotone refrain:

"While we daily dance and sing
Spirits of our dead return
Guided while the lanterns burn.
In the house they will find
Rice and water left behind;
Then in boats of straw away
Until next Bonodori day,
Peasants come and join the ring."

This keeps up until dawn. In relays they dance in front of every house visited by death. Even the inmates of the Yoshiwara receiving the same attention as the rich and the virtuous. Such a festival could only originate among a people to whom the beautiful is the mainstay and joy of life.

Noon finds us once more on the road, clinging to the coast, offering more and more wonderful "seascapes." The waves are now low and spread like sheets of glass over the white sand. Dozens of little harbors, very reminiscent of Brittany, are passed where the dark-bronzed inhabitants jostle one another to get in front of the moving car, as though it was Juggernaut himself. On one strip of beach are high-prowed boats, looking in the twilight like some Greek triremes. They are very slowly being launched, with loud chanting, inseparable from work in this country. The leader has to sing a song while the other workmen stand listening and not until the chorus, when all join in, do they yank at the thick rope attached to the boat. A never-to-be-forgotten sight are these two hundred bronzed men attired in nothing, who, with the superstition of all fisherfolk, violently object to being photographed, believing it a theft of their shadows!

Abukuma River, because of the recent heavy rains, is found to be fifteen feet higher than ordinary, and resultantly bridgeless. To ferry across on a raft of sampans is not difficult, but certainly a time consumer, and as a result, the last twelve miles to Sendei are covered in the dark and unrecorded.

Sendėi to Ichinoshiki

August 25th.

ANY renown that Sendei may claim rests entirely on its proximity to Matsushima, which is another Thousand Islands, notwithstanding that Japan counts only 808. The islands here are of soft volcanic stone, and the waves have beaten them into fantastic shapes, never seen in their American prototypes. With but few exceptions they are covered with spectral pines, whose gaunt arms are forever in motion; so dominant a feature in the landscape as to give the "Matsu" to Matsushima.

One can drift or lazily sail for hours within this sheltered bay, and at nightfall if in generous mood, you can buy for the water's dusky face a tiara of lights—bamboo pots holding oil and wick, set out in banded line. To the Japanese, whether "hushed under golden noonday sun, wrapped in mist, drenched in rain or idealized by moonlight, it is the most beautiful spot in the world."

Over across the bay on a lofty terrace, reached by 199 high steps, is the Mecca shrine of Japan's women. The ascent to all temples, by-the-by, is far longer and steeper than for women, on the theory that as man is the greater and original sinner, his via Dolorosa should be the more difficult. This temple, for a consideration, answers the prayers of all mothers-to-be for safe delivery, and upon a supplemental consideration provides sacred bandages, a *nobori*, known as the conqueror of demons, which, wrapped about the body, eases all pain. Women, if unable to come in person, send substitutes—our guide bought nine bandages! for whom will never be known; the Japanese being characteristically loath to impart information, while at all times eager to gain information from others.

Here in Sendei it has been raining steadily for a week. Now, during a momentary lull, despite the mud, plastered thick, over everything and everybody, the children, like half-drowned rats, are out in thousands—there is no other place to play, and besides it would never occur to Japan, as a real lover of children, to forbid the streets. He who called Japan a paradise for children, was right. With unwashed faces, ill-cared-for noses, disheveled hair, dirty kimonos, and angelic carelessness they run in the very middle of the road, and he adds, "It is a wonder they do not live in real paradise."

In the country, with very little traffic, going is better. The houses are widely separated and for the most part surrounded by high palisaded walls, with strongly built iron-barred gates, giving the effect of so many fortresses. Perhaps, being isolated, they need protection. Big brutes of dogs prowling about, lend color to the thought. Unfortunately not one of these dogs rests content with merely growling, but takes repeated savage nips at the tires, shortening their all-too-short life with every bite.

It decides to rain again, and taking shelter in the first little hamlet we chance upon a lion dance, seldom seen except in rural districts. Half buffoonery and half superstition, the women of the country apparently take it most seriously. Here are a dozen young men wrapped in trailing garments, dyed to imitate lion skins, with heads covered by enormous wooden masks, whose jaws are made to open and shut at will. They leap and whirl to an incessant tomtoming of drums and piping of flutes. With their noise and antics they are supposed to drive out the demons which may possess the house, and even in these days, possession by fox demons is very common among the ignorant, exhibiting all the signs of similar possessions, mentioned in the Bible.

Ichinoshiki to Aomori

THE furore caused by strangers in a strange vehicle increases with every mile traveled northward, and seems to culminate at Ichinoshiki. The whole town is out-of-doors, every corner of every street is banked by mobs such as are duplicated only at some automobile race. The strangers themselves have to submit to the most minute inspection, their very clothing being tugged and torn by countless hands—but the strange vehicle causes the greatest excitement. It is roped about in hopes of keeping the too curious at safe distance, and a night watchman is hired, who vociferously assures us that if we care to pay as much as 50 sen (25 cents), he will keep the devil himself away.

The whole night through, a crowd circulates about the car and in the morning, discovering that nothing has been "lifted" except the radiator cap, we add five cents to the watchman's munificent salary in appreciation of a duty well performed. In the following exhuberance of joy, Mr. Watchman turns to *sake* and soon reaches the tearful stage, weeping copiously at our departure.

The once splendid highway, flanked by the ubiquitous pine, narrowing to a point in the far distance like some railroad track in perspective, has fallen into a sad state of repair. It has more bumps than a Coney Island switchback, and soon we are half dead with fatigue, in just the right frame of mind to sympathetically watch a passing Buddhist funeral. A poor funeral, as shown by the use of a butter tub as coffin. Not so shocking as it sounds, when you learn that Buddhist coffins, unlike our own, are square, into which the body is placed in sitting position, with legs curled beneath

and head bent to the knees—the attitude of saints or those emulating saints, in their devotional search for Buddha; suggesting as well a child in its mother's womb—in death, as in birth, "Dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return."

In spite of this apparent poverty, the procession is headed by porters bearing tall standards of fresh flowers; they, in turn, followed by priests dressed in gorgeous robes. After them come a dozen performers on several mysterious instruments, playing a most lugubrious dirge. This is made possible by a delicacy of sympathy, purely Japanese; all friends when leaving cards of condolence at the house of the bereaved, leave at the same time, wrapped in paper, a bit of money, without name, helping to defray the expenses of an always costly funeral.

At the death of a daughter of a Japanese acquaintance, our motor-car is offered for such service as may be required, and was used to carry the urn holding the ashes, after cremation, from the crematory to the temple. At the funeral the mother of this young girl, touching her head to the floor, pours out her gratitude for having granted the dearest wish of her daughter who at last has had a ride in the foreigners' automobile!

The temple where the ceremony is performed is lit by lanterns dimmed by clouds of burning incense. At the altar banked with flowers, choirs and priests are rendering in melancholy antiphonal wail, the *sutras* for the dead. Great cages of yellow canaries are opened and the birds are set free as a symbol of the freedom of the soul. The service at an end, one by one, upon our knees, we approach the altar, rise and bow the head in token of a last farewell.

It is rapidly growing dark as we approach the uplands, recalling Scottish moors, where a kind of heather completely covering the road, reaches above the floor of the car. Feeling one's way is slow work, and before long, night

wraps us in total darkness. Certainly the gods are with us! For without a moment's warning we come to a wide gap, where a terrified use of all brakes stops us barely four inches from eternity. Investigation shows that it is as impossible to go around as to go over, and so for the first time in the entire trip we go back—back fifteen miles to the first railroad station, a little hamlet with one poor miserable inn, called Kichin-yado, meaning poor man's inn, where the custom is not to rent rooms, but corners of rooms! On our arrival, about ten o'clock, there was left but one corner, the other three being shared by a medicine man, a pipe mender and some third itinerant vendor—all asleep as were the Japanese of our party, once they struck the floor. The Japanese can sleep anywhere, any time, in any position —the result probably of their childhood training, when tied to the back of some little sister mother, who, utterly oblivious of their burden, plays away at their ordinary games, while the baby, if it wants to sleep, must sleep as best it can.

Midnight finds us at the railroad station, where several Buddhist priests are chanting prayers. A day or two since there were two railroad accidents at this very station, killing the station master, so the priests have been called in to drive out the evil spirits which have caused the collisions, exactly as the Greeks, in the days before Christ, expelled the "spirits of accidents."

Once the automobile is loaded, the train pulls out for Aomori.

Aomori to Akita

AOMORI is the entrance gate to the "ferry" crossing to Yezo, with a daily stream of travelers pouring through the city which brings into being another of those unfortunate semi-European hotels, combining the least attractive of the East with the worst of the West. Nowhere has an appreciation of beauty reached so striking a development as in Japan, but nothing foreign is too vulgar or tasteless not to find acceptance.

The town today is in holiday attire for some sacred festival and in due time, to the wailing of pipes and flutes, several hundred masked men approach, some covered by huge wooden heads with clashing jaws, others within large figures of lath and paper, such as were used in the olden times to terrify the enemy, during battle. Creaking after them come heavy wooden chariots, drawn by bullocks, leading one nearby tourist to audibly whisper that these bulls are being led to sacrifice.

Yesterday, scarcely one hundred miles away, we were being deluged by rain and here the road is six inches deep with dust. Many of the fields are unplanted, and without attention, are seamed with wide cracks opened by the torrid Sun. The few green fields are green at the expense of the people who have fed them one-half the daily available drinking water—it has not rained for months. Extremely hot, in the windows of nearly all houses and shops are hung glass balls, with glass hammers alongside, so adjusted that at the slightest breath of air, they strike against one another with the sound of clinking ice. Pictures of snow are tacked on the inside walls, while strips of white cotton are spread outside, suggesting falling water. All this in an

effort to cheat themselves into believing that the weather is cold.

Speeding, with muffler wide open, we approach a railroad crossing near the city limits. The gate-keeper on hearing the noise, believes it to be an unscheduled train, and hurriedly lowers the bars, wildly waving a red flag. Without sufficient warning to slow up, we smash through, making a circus entrance into the city of Akita.

Akita to Nigata

AKITA is blessed with a most quiet, dignified inn which, in contrast with the noisy hostelries of the last few nights, seems more like a retreat for prayer and meditation. Geishas are not even permitted to enter within its decorous portals. Virtue prevails. "Nothing ill can dwell in such a temple"—not even that immemorial custom, the basic income of nearly all Japanese inns—*chadai*, or tea money, for the inn proprietor. While always a fixed charge for rooms and meals, *chadai* is elastically changeable. With the Japanese the amount of the tea tip varies with their rank—a prince, just to prove his right to the title, would think nothing of giving 200 yen at one night's lodging. Sometimes it is given in advance as an indication of the amount of attention expected; sometimes on leaving—not necessarily in accordance with what has been done, but to shame the owner into realizing what he *ought* to have done. Generally speaking, traveling foreigners bear no titles by which to gauge the size of the tip, and resultantly it becomes the most annoying and vexatious problem of your stay in native quarters. But this inn is unique. A signboard, for all to read, proclaims that "Charges include *chadai*." To make it more unusual, the electric bells (not as is customary, merely for adornment) actually ring. Even the telephone works, and telephones are a real luxury.

The number of applications for telephone connection is far in excess of the number of installations which the government-controlled monopoly can possibly undertake with the funds at their disposal. The outstanding applications throughout the country, according to a late year book, numbered more than 50,000. This excess demand over supply

gives rise to telephone brokers who buy and sell transfers or permits for installation. Transfers cost anywhere from 800 to 1,000 yen; and even more for a peculiarly favorable or lucky number. This value is so recognized that it is not at all unusual to have the right of installation offered as collateral for loans. Our inn-keeper paid 2,000 yen ($1,000), so he claims, for No. 389. It was the broker's business to find who owned that number, and buy it. "Three" in Japan is "*Mi*," 8 "*ja*," 9 "*ko*." Hence 389 is "*Mijako*," or city—the name of this inn.

In Tokyo, an ear and nose specialist is said to have paid 10,000 yen for No. 3387: 33 or "*Mimi*," means "ear," while 87 "*hana*" is "nose." Anyone suffering with ear or nose trouble and needing a physician, needs no telephone book, but instinctively calls up 3387! Hence its commercial value.

For the first time in several months there is not a trace of moisture in the air. Today is more like one of America's clear dry August days, and the sandy, scraggly gardens with little patches of corn and beans, recall Cape Cod. And like their sand dunes, this landscape is clear of all save a few scrubby oaks, offering an unbroken sweep of sea and sand, while now and then the road pokes its way to the extreme tip of some jutting promontory, extending the view for yet more miles.

The sea is a miracle of beauty, with hardly a ripple disturbing its surface. Groups of remarkable rocks are scattered along the shore, and at their base "plastered" up against them are quaint brown fishing huts, showing man's innate craving to live in the sunshine. The air is alive with singing insects, which boys with long bamboo poles, smeared with paste, are trying to catch. The dragon-fly is especially sought, being, according to folklore, the horse upon which ride the spirits of the dead.

Except for the steady chiming of bells in Buddhist temples, deep silence reigns, offering a picture of rare grandeur and filling the mind with an intense joy of living.

Of course, the Syberite motorist to whom touring means soft, lolling cushions and a swift skimming over smooth asphalt pavements, will hardly accept with equanimity the sudden disappearance of bridges and the frequent collapse of roads; but as cities are usually poor and mean, and only villages display that charm with which Japan is associated in the minds of Europeans, motoring is the only way of observing closely, without being too close, the actual life of the common people, as it has existed for centuries and exists today.

APPENDIX

Being the road mileage between the principal towns and cities along the main highways, together with map and names of inns

TOKAIDO

	miles
Tokyo	
to	19.5
Yokohama	
to	13.8
Fujisawa	
to	8.8
Hiratsuka	
to	8.5
Kozu	
to	7.2
Odawara	
to	7.3
Miyanoshita	
to	8.3
Nagawo-Toge	
to	8.7
Gotenba	
to	17.9
Numazu	
to	11.2
Yoshiwara	
to	4.5
Yuwabuchi	
to	21.7
Shizuoka	
to	28.8
Namitsu	
to	8.1
Ikeshinden	
to	16.4
Fukuroi	
to	14.7
Hamamatsu	
to	7.4
Mikkabi	
to	11.5
Toyohashi	
to	27.9
Okazaki	
to	23.6
Nagoya	
to	23.1
Gifu	
to	14.6
Ogaki	
to	21.5
Maibara	
to	8.2
Takamiya	
to	26.9
Seta-Hashi	
to	4.2
Otsu	
to	7.1
Kyoto	
to	23.3
Nara	
to	8.3
Horyuji	
to	18.8
Osaka	
to	29.1
Kyoto	

SAN-YO

	miles
Kyoto	
to	8.7
Yamazaki	
to	25.2
Nishinomiya	
to	9.7
Kobe	
to	13.6
Akashi	
to	26.3
Himeji	
to	7.6
Kuga	
to	14.5
Ako	
to	8.7
Mitsuishi	
to	24.5
Okayama	
to	22.8
Yakake	
to	20.1
Kukuyama	
to	13.3
Onomichi	
to	7.3
Mihara	
to	23.1
Saijio	
to	21.1
Hiroshima	
to	12.8
Miyajima	
to	15.2
Iwakuni	
to	21.6
Yanaitsu	
to	25.0
Tokuyama	
to	17.8
Mitajiri	
to	11.0
Yamaguchi	
to	7.2
Ogori	
to	16.7
Asa	
to	10.1
Kozuki	
to	15.2
Shimonoseki	

KYUSHU

	miles
Moji	
to	8.0
Kokura	
to	12.3
Yukuhashi	
to	8.1
Shiyeda	
to	9.8
Nakatsu	
to	16.0
Yabakei	
to	10.5
Maizurubashi	
to	3.5
Mori	
to	27.6
Onoya	
to	13.1
Oita	
to	6.8
Beppu	
Oita	
to	14.7
Inukai	
to	25.6
Bansho	
to	3.1
Sayeki	
Bansho	
to	10.4
Sotaro	
to	15.3
Kawauchina	
to	9.9
Nobeoka	
to	13.4
Tomitaka	
to	6.8
Mimitsu	
to	16.3
Takanabe	
to	17.7
Miyazaki	
to	12.6
Isoyama	
to	19.8
Miyakonojo	
to	17.8
Kamewarizaka	
to	11.7
Kajiki	
to	14.6
Kagoshima	
to	21.8
Ichiki	

KYUSHU—*Cont.*

	miles
Ichiki	
to	12.2
Sendai	
to	18.5
Akune	
to	1.99
Mimata	
to	7.4
Chiyo	
to	9.1
Sashiki	
to	19.6
Sashiki-Tunnel	
to	17.4
Hinaku	
to	6.2
Yatsu shiro	
to	16.5
Matsuhashi	
to	10.5
Kumamoto	
to	17.3
Yamaga	
to	29.6
Kurume	
to	5.9
Tosu	
to	18.8
Saga	
to	19.9
Takeo	
Tosu	
to	10.2
Yamaka	
to	19.3
Katsuno	
to	13.6
Kurozaki	
to	7.1
Kokura	

SAN-IN

Shimonoseki	*miles*
to	*12.9*
Atsubago	
to	*28.8*
Furuichi	
to	*23.6*
Hagi	
to	*27.0*
Ezaki	
to	*15.5*
Masuda	
to	*17.1*
Hamada	
to	*12.2*
Tsunotsu	
to	*8.7*
Hongo	
to	*29.5*
Hane	
to	*19.3*
Tsuzuki	
to	*5.9*
Imaichi	
to	*20.6*
Matsuye	
to	*26.2*
Yodoye	
to	*15.2*
Akazaki	
to	*23.4*
Aoya	
to	*18.1*
Tottori	
to	*25.3*
Yumura	
to	*20.1*
Sekimiya	
to	*21.6*
Toyooka	
to	*6.7*
Kumihama	
to	*26.3*
Miyatsu	
to	*7.1*
Yura	
to	*14.4*
Komori	
to	*8.4*
Fukuchiyama	
to	*31.5*
Sonobe	
to	*10.5*
Kameoka	
to	*12.3*
Kyoto	

RIKUZEN

Tokyo	*miles*
to	*29.3*
Kashiwa	
to	*25.0*
Tsuchiura	
to	*9.3*
Ishioka	
to	*19.3*
Mito	
to	*14.7*
Ota	
to	*19.9*
Kawajiri	
to	*14.9*
Otsu	
to	*20.2*
Taira	
to	*9.9*
Kunohama	
to	*20.4*
Kodaka	
to	*20.2*
Nakamura	
to	*23.5*
Iwanuma	
to	*11.4*
Sendai	
to	*15.1*
Yoshioka	
to	*6.4*
Furukawa	
to	*30.4*
Ichinoseki	
to	*5.1*
Chuzonji	
to	*11.2*
Mizusawa	
to	*16.2*
Kurosawaziri	
to	*7.6*
Hanamaki	
to	*19.6*
Morioka	
to	*24.4*
Numamiyauchi	
to	*7.7*
Nakayama	
to	*6.2*
Takayashiki	

NIIGATA

Asamushi	*miles*
to	*8.4*
Aomori	
to	*26.3*
Hirosaki	
to	*20.7*
Odate	
to	*13.8*
Bozawa	
to	*22.3*
Noshiro	
to	*21.9*
Okubo	
to	*8.9*
Akita	
to	*25.6*
Honjo	
to	*16.2*
Fukiura	
to	*11.1*
Sakata	
to	*20.6*
Tsuruoka	
to	*12.4*
Toyoura	
to	*14.2*
Nezumizeki	
to	*14.3*
Budo	
to	*14.0*
Murakamimoto	
to	*3.7*
Iwafune	
to	*21.6*
Sasaki	
to	*14.2*
Niigata	

HOTEL	CITY
Grand Hotel	Yokohama
Fujiya Hotel	Miyanoshita
Daitokan Hotel	Shizuoka
Tsuboya Inn	Toyohashi
Tamai-ya Inn	Gifu
Kyoto Hotel	Kyoto
Nara Hotel	Nara
Osaka Hotel	Osaka
Tor Hotel	Kobe
Shibataya Inn	Ako
Hiranoya Inn	Fukuyama
Miyashima Hotel	Miyashima
Komeke Inn	Yuwakuni
Bofukan Inn	Mitajiri
San-yo Hotel	Shimonoseki
Shiyofuken Inn	Nakatsu
Hinago Inn	Beppu
Ume-ya Inn	Saiki
Suima Inn	Miyakonojo
Miijikan Inn	Kagoshima
Yamashiro-ya Inn	Kumamoto
Tokioro Inn	Takeo
Osakaya Inn	Hagi
Sasaki Inn	Hamada
Akagi-kan Inn	Matsuye
Araki Inn	Miyazu
Mikazuki-ro	Ishiyama
Gonikan Hotel	Ise
Matsusho	Tochiura
Shibata-ya	Mito
Kinpa-ro	Oarari
Yumoto Hotel	Yumoto
Sendai Hotel	Sendai
Park Hotel	Matsushima

X108

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Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: April 2003

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